THE

Repository

OF

ARTS, LITERATURE, COMMERCE,

Manufactures, Fashions, and Politics,

For NOVEMBER, 1810.

The Twenty-third Number.

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We earnestly solicit communications (post paid) from professors of the Arts in general, as well as authors, respecting works which they may have in hand. We conceive that the evident advantage which must accrue to both from the more extensive publicity that will be given to their productions through the medium of the Repository, *needs only to be mentioned, to induce them to favour us with such information, which shall always meet with the most prompt attention.*

We are happy to be able to promise our readers, in our next number, A Dialogue in the Shades, *a humorous and satirical production of our old correspondent,* E. W.

An abstract of the Fifth Report of the Bible Society, *which was intended for the present number, is unavoidably postponed till our next.*

In our next number we shall present our readers with an engraving and description of the Streights of Messina, *which have recently been the scene of interesting political events; provided we are not disappointed by the artist.*

N. P. *is inadmissible from want of novelty.*

R. T. *is informed that he is at full liberty to make what extracts he pleases in his paper from the Repository, on condition of mentioning the source from which they are derived.*

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————The suffrage of the wise,
The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd
By sense alone, and dignity of mind.

ARMSTRONG.

ON SPLENDOUR OF COLOURS, &c.—By JUNINUS.

(Continuation of Letter IV. from page 204.)

MISS *Eve.*—"If you were a young man, and a student at the Royal Academy, what rules would you practise in drawing after the life?"

Miss *K.*—"I would study anatomy and the proportions. I would give a shilling for Monro on the bones, which, with many such like works, lies neglected on old bookstalls; and some other on the muscles, beginning, perhaps, with Tinney's pamphlet, then Cheselden, &c. If persons do not prepare themselves a little they cannot understand the lectures. But you mean what rules would I practise to execute the drawing. I would first get the parts in generally. I would introduce a mass of light towards the upper part of the figure (as at the bosom), and but little at the lower extremity; a touch here and there to balance. I would draw convex, square, and varied; I would introduce a tender variety in the shapes of the muscles, exhibit them in as beautiful forms as I could, and I would draw in large scrolls, such as the obliques winding with the sartorius. I would mark the bones just as if I first drew a skeleton faintly, which should, as it were, be seen through; would draw here and there, about and about, to enable me to balance; put the parts well together, properly equipoised—as a girl when at a looking-glass keeps

patting her cap here and there, and arranging and rubbing her handkerchief, rubbing down one bow and pulling up another, shewing her bosom *quantum sufficit*, and after all, when she is going away, turning her head over her shoulder, and taking another look to see that all is right—so would I draw."

Miss *Eve.*—" Your description puts me in mind of a song of Gay's, that begins in this way:—

'First when at the looking-glass
'The mother sets her daughter,
'The image strikes the smiling lass
'With self-love ever after.
'Each time she looks she fonder grows,
'Thinks every charm grows stronger,'" &c.

Miss *K.*—" The other executive rules are what we have already spoken of. Precision produces clearness. Run a sharp line along the forms of an eye, without hardness; it immediately brightens: so will every other feature or part. Strengthening the shadows in the middles certainly gives roundness, force, and mellowness. The gradations, general and particular, that is, the gradual darkening of the parts, introduce warmth and richness. Breadth in the masses produces repose; that is, if the detail is not made too strong, the eye passes over it without stopping. The working here and there, like the girl at the looking-glass, introduces a free, touchy, fiery manner. This general manner of drawing is the great secret by which Rubens, Reynolds, and some others, in a few moments could produce spirit, life, and vivacity, not to be attained by those that work in the particular manner, whatever expence of time or pains it may cost: for what comes immediately from the conception, receives the warmth of the conception, and is the method by which what is called fire is produced, either in writing, painting, or drawing. Perhaps there may be something in nature: some may have warmer conceptions than others; but certainly a great deal depends on knowing the method, on knowing why we succeed and why we feel. When drawing on coloured paper, we should make the paper serve as much as possible, keeping the white from the black chalk. There is a hatching manner practised by many, that assists sketchy freedom, and looks transparent. This was first practised by the old wood-engravers, and we see it in some old prints where white is introduced."

Miss *Eve.*—" Suppose I draw another print—*Portrait of Miss Anna Killigrew*, the celebrated poetess and paintress."

Miss *K.*—" This amiable and beautiful lady was the daughter of Dr. Henry Killigrew, master of the Savoy. She was born in St. Martin's-lane in 1660, and died of the small-pox June 16th, 1685, in her 25th year. She was buried in the chancel of St. Baptist's Chapel, in the Savoy Hospital. Dryden wrote the following lines to her memory:

'Now all those winning charms, that blooming grace,
'The well-proportion'd shape and beauteous face,
'Shall never more be seen by mortal eyes;
'In earth the much-lamented virgin lies.

'Not wit, not piety could fate prevent,
'Nor was the cruel destiny content
'To finish all the murder at a blow,
'To sweep at once her life and beauty too;
'But like a harden'd felon, took a pride
'To work more mischievously slow,
'And plunder'd first, and then destroy'd.

'O double sacrilege on things divine!
'To rob the relique and deface the shrine!
'But thus Orinda* died.
'Heav'n by the same disease did both translate,
'As equal were their souls, so equal was their fate.'

Another print."

Miss *Eve.*—"*South-West View of Chatsworth*, a beautiful seat of the Duke of Devonshire. Engraved by that prince of landscape-engravers, Francis Vivares. Pub. Oct. 25, 1744."

Miss *K.*—"Every stroke of this landscape seems to have intention in it. If an artist would make rapid improvement in this line, he should study Vivares. I have sometimes selected a branch from this engraver's work, and have drawn it with a pen perhaps ten times as large. Even when thus magnified, the variety seems almost endless. Many of the landscape-engravers ring the changes upon a few forms. Some perhaps have 5, others 10, others 16, 18, 20. Hence the monotony of such productions.

"Mary, Queen of Scots, was some time confined at Chatsworth before she was removed to Fotheringay Castle.

"Another print—*View of the noble House and Gardens at Castle Howard*, the seat of the Earl of Carlisle, near New Malton, Yorkshire. Anthony Walker, *del. et sculp.* Pub. by R. Sayer, 53, Fleet-street, Jan. 1758.

"This plate has merit. The engraver was a man of genius, an excellent designer, as well as engraver. He left many specimens of his talents in frontispieces, &c. for books. He has engraved some large plates for Boydell: *Marcus Curius Dentatus rejecting the Bribes of the Samnites*, from P. de Cortona; *Law and Physic*, from Ostade; *the Country Attorney and his Client*, from Hans Holbein; *the Angel departing from Tobit*, from Rembrandt; many plates of landscape, architecture, frontispieces, portraits, &c. He made no apparent outline to his frontispieces. This method imparts great softness, and is well worth the consideration of engravers, who are very apt to make the outer forms too hard. This consists in nothing more than to let the ends of the strokes that make the shades form the outlines.

Miss *Eve.*—"Do you know these prints from what has been already written in books and the particulars of the lives of the engravers you have mentioned, or from your own remarks?"

Miss *K.*—"Entirely from my own remarks. I will relate some particulars of Anthony Walker, and I don't know that any thing has been published concerning his life. I have a great many spirited, soft, and well-drawn little prints by this engraver, many from his own designs, and among the rest, a small whole-length of Mr. Powell, a butcher of Stebbing, in Essex, who died Oct. 6, 1754, aged 37. He weighed near 40 stone. Also Earl Ferrers, lying in a coffin at Surgeons' Hall in the Old Bailey, after his execution at Tyburn, May 5, 1760, for shooting Mr. Johnson, his steward.

"Anthony Walker was the son of a hatter, and born at Thirsk, in

* Mrs. Katharine Phillips, the poetess. She died of the small-pox, in Fleet-street, June 22d, 1664, aged 33.

the north riding of Yorkshire, in 1726. He was pupil to John Tinney, the engraver, who kept a print-shop, the sign of the Golden Lion, in Fleet-street. The latter, though he does not appear to have possessed much merit himself, was master to Anthony Walker, William Woollett, and John Brown. Walker resided in Fetter-lane, at that corner of Neville's-court next Fleet-street, from which place he removed about six months before his death, for the benefit of the air, to Kensington Gravel Pits. Here he died of a dropsy in the chest, May 4th, 1765, and was buried in Kensington church-yard. The tomb-stone is now almost decayed. I was at Kensington last summer with my aunt, and together we could but just make out the inscription. It is this: 'Anthony Walker, engraver, died May the 4th, 1765, aged 39 years.'

"To his wife he had been married only eight months. She afterwards married again, and by this second union is mother to John George Walker, an ingenious engraver, now about 36 years of age.

"Anthony taught his brother William to engrave. This artist had been bred a dyer. He acquired much of the softness of his brother's method of making no outline apparent in his works: he had also the neatness and clearness arising from precision. He engraved several large plates for Boydell: *Sir Balthazar Gerbier and Family*, from Vandyke (pub. 1766); *a Flemish Entertainment*, from Van Harp (1764); *Christ appearing in the Garden*, from P. de Cortona (1766); *Boy and Bird's Nest*, and its companion, *a Girl and Chickens*, from Amoroso (1769); *Jacob watering Rachael's Flock*, and its companion, *Isaac blessing Jacob*, from Trevisiani (1773); a great number of small landscapes, and a prodigious quantity of book plates, chiefly from Wale, Stothard, Burney, Monet, &c. This engraver first discovered the method of rebiting plates, and communicated it to Woollett, whose works immediately afterwards assumed a new appearance, their force and brilliancy being exceedingly increased.

"William Walker left a son, John, who is an ingenious member of the profession. He died Feb. 18th, 1793, at his house in Rosoman's-row, Clerkenwell, in which he had resided twenty years, and was buried in Clerkenwell church-yard, where is a stone with an inscription in memory of himself, his wife, and their daughter Maria, who was the wife of Mr. Matthew Wake, of Smithfield Bars, and died three weeks after delivery of her first child, at the age of 23."

Miss *Eve*.—"Another print—*Strolling Actresses dressing in a Barn*. Designed and engraved by William Hogarth. Pub. May 25th, 1738."

Miss *K*.—"The merit of this print arises in a great measure from unsuitableness:—Juno, the queen of heaven, having a hole mended in her stockings—Diana in her smock, indecently exposed—Flora with a tallow-candle rubbing her hair—a Mermaid who seems to have drank something much stronger than water—a Cupid with extended wings, mounting a ladder to reach down a pair of stockings. Fielding, the celebrated novelist, in his preface

to *Joseph Andrews*, says, that unsuitableness is a very capital source of humour. He imagines a very elegant chariot at the door of a splendid mansion, when on a sudden, out of the house comes a dustman, with his hat under his arm, and pops into the glittering vehicle in his dirty dress. He also supposes a family almost starved, yet solicitous about decorating their rooms with bough-pots, flowers, and gaudy trifles. Such unsuitablenesses, he observes, will always produce humour.

"It also arises from many other causes, such as persons being rightly served, as it is called; as in the instance of the girl who put peas on the stairs to give her mistress a fall, but forgetting the circumstance tumbled down them herself. This is a little mixed with something else in a story I have read of a servant-maid at a public-house, who, having broken a large china bowl in the cellar, turned into it a monkey which was kept in the house, that she might have a pretext for charging him with the accident. The mischievous animal amused himself with turning the cock of a large cask of gin, the whole contents of which were lost before it was discovered.

"Hobbes observes, that laughter arises in a great measure from a secret comparison between the laugher and the laughed-at, when some fancied pre-eminence is imagined; and that when persons laugh, we should not say they are merry, but rather they are proud. It arises sometimes from misconception, as when a clergyman at a funeral asked one of the mourners if the deceased was a brother or a sister (that he might read the burial service with propriety), was answered—'Only an acquaintance:'—sometimes from mischief, as, if a fowl were to stray into a china-shop, and, in endeavouring to drive him out, he were to fly at the window, and by flapping his wings to buffet the rich china about, more would find in this a subject of merriment, than of sincere condolence with the person who suffered the loss.

"My aunt and I were at Chiswick last summer, and I transcribed Hogarth's inscription and epitaph. This great genius was born in London, near Smithfield, of obscure parents, who apprenticed him, it is said, to a pewter-pot engraver, but probably he was an engraver of plate, coats of arms, &c. A silver engraver once told me that this man lived in Bull and Mouth-street, near Aldersgate-street. He published his *Analysis of Beauty* in 1753, and died of a dropsy in the chest, at his house in Leicester Fields. The following is copied verbatim from an elegant monument, decorated with masks, laurel, &c. in Chiswick church-yard.

'Here lieth the body of William Hogarth, Esq. who died October 26th, 1764, aged 67 years.'

"With this epitaph by David Garrick:

'Farewell, great painter of mankind,
'Who reach'd the noblest point of art,
'Whose pictur'd morals charm the mind,
'And through the eye correct the heart.
'If genius fire thee, reader, stay;
'If nature touch thee, drop a tear;
'If neither move thee, turn away;
'For Hogarth's honour'd dust lies here.'

"In the same grave are also buried his wife, his wife's mother, and his sister.

"Hogarth's principal works are, *the Harlot's Progress*, 6 plates; *the Rake's Progress*, 6 plates; *Marriage à la Mode*, 6 plates; *the Industrious and Idle Apprentice*, 12 plates; *Five Stages of Cruelty; Election*, 4 plates; *Southwark Fair; March of the Guards towards Scotland in* 1745; *Morning, Noon, Evening, and Night; the Distressed Poet; Bur-Street, Gin-Lane; Credulity, Superstition, and Fanaticism*, a medley; *the Shrimp Girl;* plates for Butler's *Hudibras*, and some others which I shall mention another time.

"Hogarth's abilities in the comic style of painting are so transcendent as to baffle all competition; and he enjoyed many adventitious advantages which the generality of artists who design in this department have not possessed. He chose his own subjects, kept them by him a considerable time for correction, and profited by the opinions and observations of some celebrated geniuses with whom he was intimate. Among these were Fielding, Garrick, and others, who sometimes suggested hints, which he matured and adopted, and also introduced improvements offered by his own reading and reflection. He was well rewarded for his labours. Every new production of his was welcomed by the public with enthusiasm. Some of his pieces were engraved by the best artists of his time;—*Marriage à la Mode* and the *March to Finchley*, by Ravenet. These were executed in a highly finished and masterly manner. He copied not only the character, but also the expression from nature, and he was an eye-witness either of some of the low scenes or something similar. This great labour and attention to reality, gave him much truth and simplicity, and prevented him from overstepping the modesty of nature, which is not the case with those who have a subject given them, who are required to use dispatch, and are paid a low price. Even if our present comic designers possessed powers equal to Hogarth, how inferior they must be without the advantages which he so fortunately possessed! The consequence is caricature, instead of the chaste comic humour of nature; the figures distorted, fantastic, and absurd. Such mistakes always have been, are, and will be, when persons trust entirely to the barrenness of the human intellect. Many will not believe this. They suppose that the power is almost entirely conferred by genius, and that themselves probably have a large portion of this quality. The following anecdote is related of Ned Shuter, the celebrated comedian. This great actor, who is said to have been originally a pot-boy at a public-house in Bow-street, when in the meridian of his reputation was often to be found sitting in the lowest ale-houses about St. Giles's, and such like places. 'I am astonished, Mr. Shuter,' said a person to him, 'that such an eminent man as you should be so fond of low company.'—'What you call low company,' replied Shuter, 'are my best friends. By my observations on people of this class, I have been taught a thousand quaintnesses that enable me to surpass all the actors in the comic line. I don't know that I am naturally superior to some of them, but none, like me, studies nature so much at the fountain-head.'—About this time the lives

of the actors were published in the newspapers. It was related of Shuter that he was born in a cellar in Broad St. Giles's. This he publicly contradicted, and said that it was scandalous to degrade a man so much in the public estimation by giving him such a low origin, especially as it was not true. 'My mother,' said he, 'rented a three pair of stairs back room at Mr. Smith's, the chimney-sweeper in Dyot-street, St. Giles's, and there I was born: this I publish to shew that I am not of such low birth as I have been described to be.'

"It should be observed of Hogarth, that when he had a likeness to be continued through several plates, as in *the Industrious and Idle Apprentice*, he made a model of the face, by which he could command a view of the portrait in its various positions. It is objected to Hogarth, that he drew his figures too short; that he could not draw a beautiful woman, or any figure well, by which is meant an academy figure. It is very easy to make this assertion. Some of his works shew that he could draw a naked figure in such a way that he ought, at least, to escape this censure.

"It cannot be denied that Hogarth was the best comic painter of modern times. Whether Pyreicius painted this way, about the time of Alexander the Great, we cannot judge, as none of his works have reached our times.—The contest between Churchill and Hogarth is said to have shortened the painter's life. I have some poetry addressed by Hogarth to Lord Grosvenor concerning Sigismunda. It is not well written, and entirely without humour. Even Shakspeare himself is said to have been but an indifferent actor."

JUNINUS.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ISLAND OF ZANTE.

THE following account of the Island of Zante, extracted from the recent publication of a French traveller, would not, we presume, be read without interest, even if it were not at present subject to the British power, a circumstance which must of course render it an object of the greater curiosity.

We now descried the Island of Zante, says our author, and soon afterwards the two Cephalonias, whose mountains are much more lofty than those of the former. On our right we had at the same time the promontory of the continent that projects farthest into the sea, upon which stands the Castle of Morea. To reach Zante, we were obliged to keep tacking continually; and as the wind was unfavourable, we got so far out of our course, that we were unable the whole day to double the cape behind which the town is situated, and it was night when we came to an anchor in the harbour of the ancient Zacynthus.

Zante is well built, and looks exactly like an Italian town. A long street runs lengthwise through the place; on each side of it are several churches, and many large and very handsome houses, with piazzas along the front, which serve the inhabitants for walks, and pro-

tect them from the weather. From this street you have a view over the houses, of a hill with a small convent and part of the citadel, which was for the greatest part destroyed by the last earthquake. To this tremendous natural phenomenon the island in general is very frequently exposed. We were assured that, about every twenty-five years, a very violent earthquake is felt here, and that in the interior of the earth there exists a mass of fire which betrays itself on the surface by noxious exhalations, hot springs, and also springs of bitumen. At the same time, the extraordinary and truly astonishing vegetation observed on this island, is ascribed solely to this subterraneous fire.

The port of Zante is very capacious. To render it still more secure, a mole is now constructing, which is designed to extend to a considerable distance into the sea, and almost entirely to inclose the harbour. It will at the same time serve as a walk for the inhabitants; and the ships will be enabled to approach so near to the mole, as to unload their cargoes with the greatest convenience.

We visited several very handsomely built Greek churches, in all of which we found the Italian taste, in regard to painting and sculpture. In particular, we observed in them some ceilings painted in fresco. In the cathedral we found, among many inferior paintings, one representing St. Elijah, which appears to belong to a good school. As we every where heard the most astonishing accounts of the abilities of a priest, whom his countrymen could never cease praising, we sought an opportunity of becoming better acquainted with him.

We found in this man a truly original genius, at once a painter, a poet, and a musician. The inhabitants assured us that satire was more particularly his forte; but as all his performances are in the Greek language, we could not judge of their merits. His pictures, on the other hand, are executed with an ease which would certainly deserve some praise, if he had studied nature with greater attention, and kept his genius a little more within bounds. As he possesses an ardent imagination, he would probably have attained to great eminence in one of these arts, if he had not devoted himself to them all at once. We were told of a singular species of revenge which he exercised upon an enemy. He had written a cutting satire on one of the inhabitants of the town, who had reproached him with a want of resemblance in his portraits. The other was but too well aware that the satire was directed against him, and intimated his anger to the poet in such terms, that the latter perceived the danger to which his poetical talents exposed him. Our Greek was just at this time engaged upon a large picture for a church, representing the martyrdom of a saint; and, in order to take the severest revenge of his enemy, he painted a most striking likeness of him in the character of one of the executioners.

The manifold talents of this artist had much interest for me, and, as I could converse with him in Italian, I spent as much time in his company as I could. He had studied painting at Venice, and was acquainted with all the processes connected with that art practised in his native country. I imagined, therefore, that, by means of his ac-

quaintance, I had found the long-wished-for opportunity of obtaining important information relative to an interesting point in painting. I had long conjectured that the Orientals employed, in their very inferior performances, the same colours with which Apelles and Parrhasius executed the immortal monuments of their glory; at least, the lively colouring of the Oriental pictures, many of which have, for a great length of time, been exposed to the influence of the weather, has a great resemblance to the few existing remains of antique paintings, and they may also be compared with them in many other respects. During my whole residence in Greece, I had been hoping for an opportunity of obtaining a confirmation of this idea, and gaining an accurate knowledge of the mode of proceeding. Hitherto, however, I had been disappointed, from the want of a knowledge of the Greek language, and, in particular, by the extraordinary reserve which the Greek artists manifest, not only towards strangers, but even towards each other. In the latter point they resemble the ancient Flemish painters, who prepared their colours and their varnishes themselves, and communicated their process to none, except, perhaps, the most favoured of their scholars, who frequently carried the secret with them to the grave. I had therefore relinquished all hope of obtaining my aim, when it was revived by my acquaintance with this Zantiot painter, though it was not through his means completely accomplished.

Among a great number of oil-paintings in his work-shop, I found many which seemed to me to be executed only in water-colours and covered with varnish; but the tints of these were, nevertheless, much more vivid, strong, and better blended than is commonly the case in this kind of painting. I communicated this remark to the Greek, who, with a sly smile, replied, *E'l'antica maniera, buona per noi, ma no per voi altri maestri.* Hereupon I requested him to explain himself more clearly, but to all my entreaties he gave no other answer than, *Basta, basta.* It was therefore only by indirect means and craft that I at length succeeded in discovering a part of his secret. When I had, without his assistance, proceeded so far, he acknowledged that this very ancient method was far preferable to painting in oil; that he employed it in all pieces of middling size, and especially for portraits; that it was not more difficult than the other, and that its greatest and most important advantage consists in its imperishable durability.

Before I communicate to my readers the process to be observed, I must, when I am more at leisure, undertake farther experiments on the subject; for nothing but experience can convince me of the truth of what this Greek artist told me, respecting the advantages of this mode of painting. I have, however, not the least doubt that it is of high antiquity, as well as many other practices which the modern Greeks have inherited from their ancestors. No intelligent person will despise their processes; for, though they are very imperfect, yet they may at least render us the same service in acquiring a thorough knowledge of the state of the arts among

the ancients, as the writers of antiquity, who continue to be commented upon because they are not understood, and who, without this assistance, never would be perfectly intelligible*.

The walks about Zante are very agreeable, and nothing seems to be wanting in them but a little more shade. They command, however, the most varied scenery, bestudded with numerous casinos or villas, of elegant architecture, and neat farm-houses.

In all our excursions in the adjacent country, as well as in the streets of the town, we met with very few females, and these were dressed in such a singular manner that we could not possibly judge whether the universally received opinion of their extraordinary beauty be well founded or not. They constantly wear two coats of taffety, one of which hangs down, while the other is thrown up over the head. They have, besides, a mask of black velvet over the face, and, to complete their ridiculous attire, they cover the head with a three-cocked hat, adorned with a black cockade, and above that a large nosegay. Sometimes the hat is bordered with gold lace and other finery. As the women of Zante are so huddled up when they go abroad, it is the more singular that at home they go almost naked. Our hostess had not the least scruple to shew herself to us in a single thin petticoat and shift, with her bosom quite uncovered.

The male inhabitants of the town are almost all dressed in the Italian fashion, and the other inhabitants of the island again have a particular costume, which is a singular mixture of that of the Greeks and Franks. They wear cotton, and often even silk stockings, and in their shoes, shaped exactly like ours, they have silver buckles of prodigious dimensions. Their long waistcoat with sleeves bears a greater resemblance to that commonly worn by our peasants, than to the Greek waistcoat. Sometimes they wear a large round hat, and have also retained the girdle and the long wide trowsers; which, however, are daily curtailed. The women in the country have

* Since my return to France I have made a great number of experiments on this mode of painting, but all my efforts were a long time fruitless, because I endeavoured to combine the process so imperfectly described by ancient writers, with the modern method. I nevertheless once imagined for a time that they were crowned with success, and actually transmitted to M. Chaptal, then minister of the interior, a picture, which, in regard to strength and transparency, might vie with any oil painting, so that even a celebrated artist, the late Senator Vien, was deceived by it. This picture I accompanied with a memoir, in which I gave a full account of my essays and experiments. As I have since found that my colours were much altered by the wax with which I covered them over, I made several new experiments, in which I literally followed the directions of the Greek painter. I do not imagine that I have completely succeeded, but I have at least apparently obtained the same results as he. I have at the same time convinced myself, that the execution of these paintings is not attended with greater difficulties than that of pictures in oil; and that, on the other hand, it affords several peculiar and not unimportant advantages.

universally adopted the Italian corset, and likewise the veil bordered with fringe, which they hang exactly square over the head.

The jealousy of the Orientals seems to have propagated itself in its full vigour in this country, and very frequently furnishes occasion for bloodshed and murder. There is no such thing as a social intercourse between the sexes in this island. The women live under the most rigid restraint, and are allowed only, in cases of great necessity, to receive the visits of a few of their relations. Their windows are provided with close lattices, through which they can scarcely see, and much less be seen. I have been assured that many Zantiots keep, after the Turkish fashion, besides their lawful wife, a great number of slaves as concubines, who, as well as the offspring of this connection, all live together. Upon the whole, we find here a singular mixture of Oriental and European manners and customs, which gives the inhabitants a truly peculiar character or moral physiognomy, which it would be highly interesting to observe and become acquainted with in all its different developements.

(To be continued.)

LETTER FROM AMELIA.

My ever dear and honoured Mother,

Whether I think of you, or write to you, or hear from you, the circumstance is so full of delight, that it can only yield in pleasure to the seeing and being present with you. I felt that, while I was writing Mr. B——'s delightful narrative, I was performing an office grateful to you, as well as instructive to myself; nor was I without the expectation, that it would produce, in return, such a moral to the story, as I received from your superior mind. Indeed, I had fancied, though I scarce know why, that, in your last letter, you would have entered into a kind of prophetic enquiry as to the probability of Mr. B——'s future happiness in his approaching union with Lady Elizabeth ——. I cannot help entertaining some fancies of my own on the subject; but more of that hereafter.

His narrative, which details a long succession of unparalleled conduct, presents a picture of the most consummate discretion, without one of those chilling qualities which are so generally associated with it.—Warmth, feeling, generosity, and benignity, are blended in his character with taste, elegance, learning, and—*rigid prudence*,—which, from all I have seen, heard, and read, appears to me to be somewhat of a miraculous addition. There is a proverb which says, or at least it is the opinion of a great Latin writer (do not be alarmed, my dear mother, at my pedantry), an extract from whom I have seen as a motto to one of the *Spectators*, which is very considerately accompanied with a translation: "That he who is possessed of prudence, is possessed of every thing."—I must again beg of you not to be in a fright, lest your Amelia should be preparing to attack a virtue which is such a friend to her sex, and on which so much of the happiness of

life depends. But I cannot help thinking that some of the most attractive qualities of the mind, perhaps I should be more correct were I to say of the heart, are not always in union with this wary virtue. I have not been enough in the world to have had any trials, or at least of a kind to justify a claim to experience. Besides, I have had such a guide, both present and absent, in my dearest mother, as not to know the necessity of referring to any grave, predominant principle of conduct. I have no occasion in any doubt to apply to my own petty, fallible judgment, but merely to have recourse to the simple interrogatory—"How would my dearest mother wish me to act?"—when I am inspired with a ready answer to the question, which never errs.—Such is the oracle I can always consult, whose voice I always reverence, and whose dictates I never fail to obey. But still I have had occasion to observe in the course of human conduct, as it has, in some degree, passed before me, that some men display a grace in their failings, and, I had almost said, amiableness in their faults, which interests me in their welfare, and makes me love them better than those, who, by their cold, unoffending, regular, and faultless manners, never give an opportunity to blame, and, somehow or other, never stimulate a lively desire to praise. It has happened to me, that I have wept over miseries arising from a conduct which was evidently culpable; while I have not always felt a glow of satisfaction at the view of happiness proceeding from causes which I could not but approve. Am I to adopt upon the occasion your frequent and humane exclamation—"Alas! poor human nature!" Am I to rest upon the plea of human weakness, and to suppose that nothing gives real pleasure, whether it relates to ourselves or others, but what is dressed up to our fancies. Will you allow me to attempt at philosophising on the subject? and, having been of late so continually employed to work up a narrative for your entertainment, I may, perhaps, be indulged by you in a strain, which will, at all events, exercise my mind, and call forth the power of yours, on a subject which never before so forcibly addressed itself to my attention, as at the present moment.

The virtues and the vices, however the one may exalt, or the other debase, the human character, approach, in their extremes, very nearly to each other. Thus it is that courage deviates into rashness, parsimony into avarice, generosity into profusion, and so on. I am, therefore, disposed to trace my unreluctant pardon of certain faults, and the tolerating spirit with which I regard them, to their evident parentage in, and no distant deviation from, some very striking and brilliant quality; while my cool approbation of certain virtues, proceeds, I presume, from their proportionate approach to some of the mean and more degrading vices. This is the only way in which I can account for, or justify, these sentiments to myself; but you will have the goodness to settle the point for me. I trust, nay, I know, you will not suppose your Amelia capable of indulging, for an instant, any notion in favour of libertinism of thought or action. But still there is a sort of character which one cannot help loving,—but that, per-

haps, is too strong an expression;—I will say then, that one cannot help being interested in, whose intimate acquaintance it would not be proper to cultivate. I will, however, attempt to explain myself.

In the course of this winter, I have occasionally met at large parties a Mr. D——, a young man of good family, of about five or six and twenty; who, without the least deviation from what I shall call the decorums of polished life, was ever to be seen in those high-flying spirits which render a man a nuisance in society or the delight of it. He was the latter; and I have more than once or twice been so situated, as to have him under my immediate observation. His gaiety always took the lead; and though it might sometimes verge upon the noisy, it never broke in upon decency, nor failed to enliven in an high degree all those who were within the influence of it. I do not remember to have laughed so much at any thing as at his arch vivacity, ready wit, facetious stories, and monkey tricks; for his exhibitions possessed them all. Nor did I ever hear an expression or an idea escape him, which had the least tendency to give pain to those who were present, or to raise an unfavourable impression of any one that was absent. Cheerfulness, good-humour, and good-nature, seemed to combine in his looks, his words, and his actions. But these and all his other amiable and social qualities are, alas! accompanied with a temper so inconsiderate, and a generosity so unbounded, that, at this early period of his life, he has got to the far end of a very handsome fortune, and is universally said to be on the verge of ruin. He possessed a goodness of heart that never could resist a tale of sorrow, a nobleness of soul that never hesitated to relieve a friend in distress, and a grateful spirit that never thought a kindness sufficiently repaid. He was sure, therefore, to hear plenty of those tales, to find a continual succession of those friends, and to be oppressed with acts of premature kindness. Nor did he ever enquire whether the one were true, the other sincere, or the latter deceptious; but respectively felt for, relieved, and repaid them. Thus these, I cannot call them unhappy qualities, associated with a fine taste, the pride of figure, and a social spirit, have, in the short space of three or four years, brought him into a state of distress which is generally thought to be irrecoverable. This circumstance became an interesting topic of conversation in the parties which he used to frequent, where he was alternately laughed at, blamed, and commiserated. I was most sincerely among the latter; and though my acquaintance with him was of a general nature, I not only admired his lively spirits and inspiring vivacity, but was induced to esteem the superior qualities of his heart, which were too evident not to be seen in the most casual association with him; and though I hear so much of his folly, his extravagance, and his ridiculous conduct, as some insultingly call it, I still continue to esteem him.—Am I in an error, my dearest mother? If so, you will prove it to me, or I cannot prove it to myself.

Lady Elizabeth, in her way, which, after all, I can scarce believe to be altogether affected, ex-

claims, "I am quite sorry for D——'s misfortunes, though he has nobody to blame but himself. Poor devil, what will become of him? He was a fine, lively, accomplished fellow, and we shall all miss him mightily. I know not any one who will supply his place among us. I could beat the fool for running headlong into destruction as he has done."

She had just concluded her unfeeling flourish, which took place during our walk in the square on Sunday last after church, when we saw Mr. D—— approaching us.—"Now," whispered I, "let us be more than commonly civil to him;" and before she could reply, he accosted us.—"So, you wretch," said she, "what has been become of you, and where have you vanished, that no one has seen you for this month past? What now, are you quite ruined? or have you got enough left to live in a cottage, marry a country tradesman's daughter, and keep a buggy?"—"A little more than that perhaps," he replied, with the greatest good humour; "but I shall disappoint the miscreants who have helped to forward my present embarrassments, and now triumph in them. I am, it is true, shorn of my beams, and it will be some time before the cloud has passed over me; but, believe me, I shall reappear, and, if not in a more resplendent form, I shall at least move in a more regular orbit, and without any of those satellites who have occasioned my aberration. I have been a great fool, and guilty of unpardonable eccentricities; but, with all my follies, I have done nothing that is in the slightest degree dishonest or dishonourable. The only person who has a right to complain of me, and that I will own is bad enough, is the unfortunate gentleman who has the honour of addressing you. I must acknowledge that I have risked the ruin of that worthy person. I shall, however, have it in my power to make him ample amends for the injury, great as it is, that I have done him, and the work of reparation shall be the study of my future life. By way of consolation, however, to you, fair ladies, I beg leave to assure you, that I shall not be absent two years at the most, which time I shall employ in a manner that will do me real honour, because it will do me real good; and I give you both notice, that, if you do not get husbands before I return, I will most certainly marry one of you."—He then shook us by the hand, and, as he bid God bless us, though there was a smile on his cheek,—there was a tear in his eye.—I felt as I ought. While Lady Elizabeth bid him defiance, and said she would not wait two years though her lover were to bring a principality along with him.

And now for the *contrast*.

You well know, my dearest mother, Mr. Edward W——, and you also know how difficult it would be to discover a moral error in his conduct. It is so correct in all its parts—so conformable to public laws, private decorum, and right principles, that calumny itself has never been heard to breathe a whisper to his dishonour. In short, his whole life has been, and continues to be, passed in the study of propriety: and you cannot have forgotten what was once said of him, by a person who is renowned for the justness of

his observations,—That Mr. Edward W——, when he arose in the morning, made it a matter of serious consideration, whether his right or his left leg should be first clothed with a stocking, from the possibility that some lurking impropriety might arise from a carelessness in that habitual transaction. I am forced, however, to own, that this immaculate man never was capable of inspiring me with a sentiment of veneration or a glow of sensibility, by any thing I ever heard or saw of him. The rigid rule of right, by which he governs his conduct, is so mechanical, as well as so regulated by the scale and the balance, that a view or description of his actions affects me no more than the conduct of an honest tradesman, when he gives me fair measure or just weight in any article which I may purchase of him.—Tell a tale of the deepest distress,—he hears it without emotion, and though he may, and often does afford relief, it is with all the preparatory form and previous investigation of a law proceeding; nor is it accompanied with one consoling word, or that apparent sympathy which adds so much beauty, and gives so fine a colouring to the picture of a charitable deed.

Can I then be to blame when I feel an higher degree of regard for Mr. D——, with all his follies, than for Mr. Edward W——, who has not a folly imputed to him? for a a man who is covered over with blame and with blessings, than for one who is not an object either of the one or the other?—I repeat, if my dearest mother thinks me wrong, O let her correct my error and set me right!

But to proceed to the subject which occupied my mind in the beginning of this letter, and with which I shall close it.—What must be his excellence who combines the virtues of both these characters? All the fine feelings, exalted sentiments, generous disposition, and noble spirit of the one, with the rigid principles, undeviating rectitude, and calm discretion of the other. Such, however, seems to be the shape and composition of his understanding and heart, whose historic account of himself we have so lately considered. Such is Mr. B——.

I must reserve for another letter the suggestions of my mind respecting the addition he will receive to his happiness from an union with Lady Elizabeth. My heavy eyelids, indeed, warn me to have done, but my heart is ever awake to that sentiment of duty and affection which ever waits upon the happy reflection, that I am, my dear and venerated mother, your darling

AMELIA.

THE VALE OF GENIUS.—A VISION.

Immodest words admit of no defence;
For want of decency is want of sense.——ROSCOMMON.

I WAS sitting alone in my parlour the other evening, and, to cheer a solitary hour, I took up a book which lay near me on the table. It was *Ovid*. It opened at the celebrated poem on the *Art of Love*. Yet, notwithstanding the elegance and descriptive beauty which every

where abound in it, I received not the least entertainment from the perusal; for I was struck with the impurity of the sentiments, and their tendency to sap the foundation of morality and virtue. Having read a page or two, I flung the book away from me with disgust.

This circumstance led me to reflect on the degrading service into which genius is often pressed. I regretted with the deepest sorrow that its pages were so frequently stained with immodest allusions, profane sarcasms, and vulgar sentiments. For my own part, I could never imagine why the character of a man of genius should not be perfectly compatible with that of a gentleman and a Christian; and I have always looked upon it as a piece of the highest ingratitude for any one on whom the Deity has bestowed the blessing of talents, to turn them against him. What must be the last moments of a man who has prostituted genius to such a purpose! What remorse must wring his heart, what tortures rack has soul in the awful hour of death, when the effects of his impure and irreligious sentiments rush into his mind; when the images of the youth he has enticed from the path of virtue, and the man he has taught to hold his Maker light, accompanied by the terrible attendants on their guilt, rise up before his disordered imagination!

With impressions of this nature on my mind, I sunk into a gentle slumber, when fancy presented to me the following vision:

I stood on a lawn in the midst of a beautiful vale. The ground was decked with flowers, displaying the brightest and richest hues, which grew luxuriantly, and filled the air with their fragrance. Gentle hills and slopes appearing through the thick clusters of trees which encompassed the lawn, gave variety to the scene. A clear rivulet, whose murmurs were sweet and melodious, wandered through the center of the valley. I found myself surrounded by a multitude of beings who appeared to be of a superior order. They were engaged in various occupations: some were sitting on the margin of the rivulet with lyres in their hands, and singing to them as the brook babbled at their feet; others were engaged in the more retired parts of the valley, in study and meditation. On the lawn, numbers were employed in cheerful and lively sports; and some were seen walking together under the grove in earnest conversation. At a small distance from one extremity of the valley stood a brilliant edifice, resembling a temple. Its foundation was an extremely high and craggy mountain, which towered above the trees. To this place numbers were hastening with anxious steps. Upon enquiry, I learned that I was in the vale of Genius, and that the structure before me was the Temple of Fame. The contemplation of this glorious scene lifted my soul above itself, and filled it with an ecstasy not to be described. My senses sunk into a trance of delight. From this, however, I was quickly awakened. Sounds of loud mirth invaded my ears; and turning, I beheld a group advancing towards me with sprightly steps. The first was a nymph, whose form at a distance appeared lovely and fascinating. Upon her nearer approach, I per-

ceived that she was dressed in garments of the gayest colours; but being loose and flowing, they became the sport of the breeze, and excited ideas rather of the beauty of her person than of her modesty. Her deportment was easy and insinuating; she smiled on the company around her with the utmost familiarity. At times, indeed, she would retire a few steps, and seem as if overcome with diffidence; but upon observing her with a little more attention, I discovered, by her glances and gestures, that her wish was thereby to raise more effectually the desires of the beholders. With this lady the greater part of the company appeared to be highly pleased, while a few turned away from her with visible marks of indignation. The admirers of the nymph gave her the name of Wit.

Her principal companions were two youths, who kept close to her side. The first called himself Gaiety. He professed himself devoted to the promotion of the cheerfulness of those about him; but if he saw any one more than usually serious, he seldom failed to make him a subject of his mirth. Observing a venerable old man kneeling under one of the trees in fervent devotion, he pointed at him with a sarcastic smile, and burst into a fit of laughter. The other had assumed the name of Humour. He entertained the company with coarse witticisms and gesticulations. But even he was not without admirers, and his performance was generally concluded with loud plaudits. To me, however, his manners seemed most to resemble those of a buffoon or a merry-andrew.

As we were viewing this group, an unusual light burst upon the valley. Turning our eyes upwards, we beheld a radiant female figure, seated on a silver cloud, gently descending to the spot where we stood. She was robed in vestments of light, and her countenance bespoke Divinity. The presence of this august personage produced, however, very different effects on the multitude. They who had so recently received entertainment, were now struck with consternation, and with their garments veiled their faces from the effulgence of the goddess. The rest were able to behold her without pain, and felt the sight inspire them with admiration and love. In her right hand she held a wand, round which a bright flame played in harmless circles. As she waved this over the heads of the nymph and her companions, they became motionless.—"Wretches!" said the beauteous vision, "tremble at the voice of the Goddess of Truth! Though so long as Sin remain on earth I cannot banish you these realms for ever, yet in my presence shall ye never impose upon mankind by such disguises: obscenity shall never assume the form of Wit, irreligion wear the mask of Gaiety, or vulgarity cloak himself in the garb of Humour." Whilst the goddess was pronouncing these words, the eyes of the whole assembly were turned on the objects of her displeasure. The lovely features of the nymph were beginning to change; bloom and beauty were about to take leave of her countenance; her robes were falling off; the youths seemed shrinking into the earth. As the goddess concluded, she again waved her wand, when vivid light-

nings flashed across the valley. For a moment a thick darkness was spread before my eyes; loud and piercing shrieks issued from the place where the figures stood.—When sight returned, I beheld a scene to the last degree odious and disgusting. The nymph had become a filthy satyr; and the youths were transformed, the one into a horrible demon, and the other into a brute.

The whole assembly, as well as myself, were lost in astonishment; but before I had time to reflect on the wonderful change, a dark cloud, on a sudden, enveloping the goddess, the impostors, and the assembly, rolled itself from my sight, and I awoke. J. C.

FRAGMENTS OF THE HISTORY OF SPANISH POETRY.

By Augustus von Kotzebue.

While our forefathers were yet contending with wild bulls and drinking out of sculls, the Spaniards already had celebrated poets. It is well known, that the emperor Augustus, like Louis XIV. assembled around him the greatest geniuses of the age, though they were not formed into an academy. Among these was Hyginus, a freedman of the emperor, a native of Spain, an intimate friend of Ovid, whom Suetonius calls an ornament of the time in which he lived. He wrote a great deal, and among other things a system of astronomy in verse. His countryman, Hena, likewise gained celebrity, though Seneca asserts that he was only a wit. The Romans we know set the first example of the laudable practice of stripping their conquered enemies of all the treasures of art which they possessed; nay, they extended it farther than is done at present, for they likewise transplanted the living works of art to Rome. When Metellus had vanquished Sertorius, he carried off whole troops of Corduban poets, who were not remarkably well received, at least by the literati, at Rome; for Cicero, in one of his orations, reproaches them with heaviness.

During Nero's reign, however, Corduba produced three great men, the two Senecas, the orator and the philosopher (whose tragedies are the only Latin compositions of that kind which have been handed down to us), and Lucan, whose poem on the civil war, entitled *Pharsalia*, is still extant. Under the emperor Domitian flourished Martial, the witty epigrammatist, whose pieces are so often plundered by us moderns, and who was born at Bilbilis, in Spain. Through him we learn many of the names of his poetical contemporaries, though their works have not, like his, been transmitted to us down the stream of time. A long chasm succeeded, at least for us, in Spanish poetry; for till the reign of Constantine the Great, the sounds of no Spanish lyre have reached our ears. Besides this, Christianity, with its unpoetical mythology, acted a distinguished part in all the productions of the human mind. The first Spaniard, as far as we know, who again ventured to the foot of Parnassus, was a priest named Juvencus. He undertook

the ungrateful task of composing the *New Testament* in hexameters. He had unfortunately abundance of followers in every species of religious poetry. In a panegyric on the emperor Theodosius, a certain Latinus Pacatus asserts, that there were then in Spain gallant soldiers, good orators, and excellent poets; but every body knows that much reliance cannot be placed on panegyrics.

Aquilinus Severus, a Spaniard, contemporary with Valentinian, gave an account of his own life, in that disgusting hermaphrodite species of composition, half prose and half verse. St. Jerome does him the honour to mention it. In the fourth century lived Aurelius Prudentius, a native of Spain; but his poems are of no value, except for ecclesiastical history. Several inscriptions, consisting of epigrams, seem, if they are of Spanish origin, to evince the taste of the nation in that line.

At the commencement of the fifth century Spain was inundated by the Goths and other northern nations, beneath whose yoke the muse groaned. Nothing now appeared but religious pieces, epitaphs, and the like, the authors of which very seriously exhorted the faithful not to read any heathen poets, probably from a consciousness of their own extreme inferiority to them. A certain Dracontius wrote a poem entitled *the Creation*, but his verses were as bad as those which Haydn has set to music.

The Bishop Caponius composed the fable of *Phaëton* as a companion to Satan's expulsion from heaven. In the sixth century Oratius wrote a long poetical *Exhortation*. In the seventh the saints flirted with the Muses. St. Ildephonso composed epitaphs, St. Eugene continued Dracontius's *Creation*, and St. Valerian also seized the lyre.

In the eighth century the Arabs invaded Spain, and the poets became silent. In the ninth we find an Alvaro of Corduba, some of whose Latin poems are still extant; and a St. Elogius, who is more celebrated for his martyrdom than for the productions of his muse. But Alvaro himself regarded his noble art as an idle pastime, as a youthful sin, which he and St. Elogius had often committed.

The Arabs, who ruled almost 800 years in Spain, introduced their language, arts, and sciences into that country. Latin was, according to the testimony of the above-mentioned Alvaro, so totally forgotten in Spain, that scarcely one in a thousand could write a letter in that language. (Wo to the Germans, should they experience a like fate!) On the contrary, they read Chaldee books with great fluency, and made Arabic verses. A great number of Spanish Arabs now became distinguished as poets. Ebn Tahum of Seville created man and the soul, and described the temple of Mecca. Dsialdni Alkharag presented the world with a *Poetical Treasury*. Others who were no poets carped at those who were, or wrote notes upon their text.

The Spanish ladies, and especially those of Andalusia, made abundance of verses; and one of them, Maria Alphaisuli, was called the Arabic Sappho. Among the manuscripts in the Escurial, there are still a great number of female effusions. In a word, Arabic poetry dwelt in the regions of Spain as long

as the Saracens themselves were allowed to reside there.

From the eleventh or twelfth century, the *gaya ciencia*, the merry science of the Troubadours spread throughout Spain, and many of the most distinguished of them now composed in the provincial language. Alphonso I. has left an *Amorous Dispute*, which is still preserved among the manuscripts in the Vatican. Mossen Jayme, in the thirteenth century, wrote, among other things, a description of a storm which overtook the fleet of the king of Arragon on its passage to the Holy Land. William de Berghuedan composed *Satires;* Ugo of Metaplana proposed *Amorous Questions;* Apremundo Montaner sung a campaign in Sardinia and Corsica. The celebrated Raymond Lullius also lived about this time, and employed himself in making verses. Don Pedro III. and Don Juan I. of Arragon, did not disdain the visits of the Muses. In the fifteenth century, a certain Jayme Roig slandered the fair sex in his *Female Mirror*, which reflected only distorted figures. There were likewise many others, who are all forgotten, though the offspring of their genius lie buried in the library of his holiness.

The most agreeable pastime of the Troubadours was the composition of *Tenzones*, ingenious questions relating to love. Hence originated the celebrated Court of Love, the proceedings of which indeed sometimes savoured of madness. The court at that time kept tellers of tales, jugglers, singers, and merry-andrews for its amusement. The more refined Troubadours sometimes indulged in bitter sarcasms on this taste; they did not spare even the queen, and by degrees acquired such consideration, that her majesty herself attended their meetings. On these occasions poems and plays were tried, condemned, or crowned, and the latter only were allowed to be publicly exhibited or sung. Cervantes much wished that this practice might be revived, though many just objections may be advanced against it. At the coronation of Alphonso IV. in the fourteenth century, the infant Don Pedro honoured the occasion with songs, dialogues, and ballads. The two former were sung and spoken in masked dances by the most distinguished gentlemen of the court, and the latter by minstrels accompanied with the guitar. The love of poetry was transmitted at this court to the third and fourth generation.

When Ferdinand, by his marriage with Isabella, united the crowns of Arragon and Castile, provincial poetry began to decline, and its honest warmth of expression was extinguished by the new court language, the Castilian.

In Portugal, since the twelfth century, the Muses were accustomed chiefly to visit the sovereigns: many crowned heads there wooed them, though their offspring was in general of mortal kind. In the sixteenth century Portugal possessed a celebrated comic writer, Chil Vincente, who was assisted in his performances by his daughter Paulla. Of Camoens I shall say nothing, to name him only will be sufficient. Francesco Lobo is less known, though he was a competitor with him for the laurel.—King Alphonso the Wise composed church hymns in the Galician language, which

are still preserved at Toledo. A certain Masias was, as befits a poet, so deeply in love, that this circumstance has gained him greater celebrity than his verses. All his poetic contemporaries mention his amorous freaks, del Padron in his work *on the Pleasure of Love*, Sanchez in his *Hell of Love*, &c.

Some poets also made essays in the Biscayan language, but of these scarcely any traces exist. In this language one Escheverry, a doctor of divinity, has sung the *Life of Christ* and the *Mysteries of Religion.*

(To be continued.)

ENQUIRY INTO THE CAUSES THAT HAVE RETARDED THE PROGRESS OF AGRICULTURE IN ENGLAND.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

I PERCEIVE it to be a part of your plan to appropriate a portion of your most valuable *Repository*, in which is constantly found a collection of highly important and most interesting information on every useful branch of practical knowledge, to the examination of agricultural subjects. In meditating upon topics of that kind, I have often asked myself, What are the causes that, while our manufactures and commerce have most rapidly increased and spread their influence, our agriculture has comparatively made so little progress? Allow me, sir, to make the public acquainted, through your indulgence, with the result of my investigation.

I believe it will be unnecessary to take up your time with proving, that the march of our manufactures and commerce has been much more speedy than that of our agriculture. The fact is universally acknowledged. Every one knows that our manufactures have ever been superior in workmanship to those of other countries; and have therefore been preferred in all the foreign markets to which they have been sent by the adventurous spirit of our merchants. Attempts the most hazardous have ever been formed for exchanging our commodities for the procurable articles of the most distant parts of the globe, and energy and capital have never been wanting. On the other hand, our agriculture lay neglected until late years, the land being in the hands of a small tenantry, who were little capable of conceiving schemes for its improvement, and not possessed of sufficient capital to carry such schemes into effect. I have said *until late years*, because I am aware that the several agricultural societies, and the public spirit of such men as the late and present Duke of Bedford, as Mr. Coke, and Mr. Curwen, have, within no very great distance of time, produced a material change for the better in our system of husbandry. But there are still impediments to the growth of our agriculture, of which I shall have occasion to speak hereafter.

If then it be admitted, as I conceive it must be, that our manufactures and commerce have certainly been objects of more early and general pursuit than our agriculture,

the next question is, What are the causes which have so long retarded the latter in its course?

It is certainly most natural, that in every society agriculture should precede, that manufactures should be next in the procession, and that foreign commerce should bring up the rear. The ground is tilled, that, with its produce, the demands of nature may be satisfied; but the farmer soon finds that it is less for his advantage to make the implements of husbandry himself, than to procure them from others, who, on the other hand, must be fed by the farmer. Hence an exchange takes place between the farmer and a certain class of manufacturers. When manufacturers increase, and make more goods than they can dispose of at home, they sell them to the merchant, who transports them to foreign markets. What has occasioned the deviation in this country from this usual order of things? Is the enquiry a matter of indifference, and an useless speculation? I think I hear you, sir, answer in the negative.

In treating of the causes which have proved impediments to the progress of our agriculture, and prevented it from making such rapid advances as our manufactures and commerce, I must divide them under two or three heads; and as I perceive into what length I must necessarily be led, and feel that I have no right to claim so much of the space of a single number of your *Repository*, I now lay down my pen; meaning, however, shortly to resume it, if you should think this letter deserving of publication. I am, sir, your's, &c.

COLUMELLA.

LONDON, Sept. 24th, 1810.

THOUGHTS ON THE PRINCIPLES OF RELIGIOUS BELIEF.

THE intention of the great Being who created us, in sending Christ into the world, must be evident to every reflecting mind. It must appear to unsophisticated investigation, to be merely the predestined and necessary exertion of the universal spirit of excellence, to afford some decided rule of action, to which, on account of its simplicity, the human mind might readily assent, and which might check the dissoluteness of morals, the licentious prostration of every thing for which man had been created, which, at the æra of Christ's appearance on earth, had sunk human nature into he lowest abyss of vice. If, whatever a man may believe, his mind assents sufficiently to the doctrines of the Gospel, to actuate his will in the energetic exercise of the virtues they inculcate, that man, in the true sense of the term, is a Christian. None ought to follow any given mode of life, unless, beforehand, his reason be satisfied as to the propriety or utility of what he pursues. In the laconic phraseology of the Gospel, St. Paul says, "Whatever your faith be, let it be firm." Is not the corollary deducible from this proposition evident? Is it not evident that the practice drawn from a fixed theory of belief, provided it arise not from the madness of enthusiasm, must be firm and steady; firm in the cause of bene-

volence and disinterestedness, since no other principles of belief can make themselves apparent to the conviction of any intellect sufficiently well organized to enter into the discussion with itself. It is a frequent remark of those who will not trouble themselves to search into matters of this nature, that it is best to leave affairs of religion unexamined. For those whose interest or desire it is to prolong the influence of superstition, I grant it may be so; but to those who know how to appreciate the blessings which the futurity that succeeds a life of conscious rectitude has in store for them, it must be the greatest boast, if required to deliver their opinion, that the religion which they profess is founded on the dictates of that reason which God has given to guide our steps. The question which most decidedly it is our interest to be convinced upon, surely he has not forbidden to be discussed. Mysteries and terror are foreign to the purposes for which the Almighty Being framed the sublime truths of Christianity. True, the system of this purest of religions has been altered, I may say adulterated, to a great degree since its primitive and most perfect modification. This, the most dogmatic chiefs of its various sects must acknowledge to themselves. However it might militate against their interest to encourage the promulgation of these truths, still a man of a reflecting and energetic mind, can, even from the mass of obscurities in which they are hidden, extract so much as will enable him, both by example and by precept, to contribute to the correct, moral, and political organization of the sphere in which nature has destined him to move.—"Let every man be firm in his belief." Let it be the business of education to modify that belief according to the universally acknowledged system of excellence and morality; and provided the theory and practice of virtue go hand in hand, it surely is of the least possible consequence to examine into, or seek to combat, the tenets nearly as different as their different professors. Then, and not till then, will love, peace, and concord heal a bleeding world. No longer for the sovereignty and enmities of potentates will the wretched subjects of each devoted country bleed; but a total moral and political reform will prove the truths of Christianity, which mild benevolence has in vain essayed to inculcate; a reform that nothing but the union of the wise, the virtuous, and disinterested, can effect.

VICTOR.

LETTERS FROM ITALY.

(Letter XIII. continued from page 218.)

It was in the 14th year of his reign, and near the 70th year of his age, that Tiberius arrived at Capri; and as he scarcely ever left it, his stay there must have amounted to nine years; during which, the cares of government engrossed but little of his time. The provinces remained under the administration of his governors, whom he left to do as they pleased; many vacancies he even omitted filling up:

still the machine of government went on pretty regularly, thanks to the wise and firm manner in which Augustus had established the new monarchy: a few insignificant rebellions were soon crushed by his lieutenants, and his own suspicious and cruel disposition, together with his retirement to Capri, prevented the success of any conspiracy that was hatched against him. While thus careless and indifferent about public affairs, his attention and activity were solely directed to the gratification of sensual pleasures. In these alone he observed the greatest method and regularity. A secretary of state *for love affairs (a voluptatibus)* was a new office created in the person of T. Cæsonius Priscus, a Roman knight. Not content with the establishments founded by Augustus, Tiberius, after having provided for his personal safety by the erection of a strong castle in the south of the island, the ruins of which are still to be seen, at once built twelve palaces or villas, which were dedicated to the twelve superior divinities of paganism. These villas were of different descriptions: some in their structure imitated the magnificence of the palaces of the capital; others, by the simplicity of their style, and the amenity of their precinct, were adapted to rural pleasure; and others again were laid out in the manner of farms and dairies, furnishing the emperor and his retinue with every article necessary for the sustenance, and indeed the luxuries of life; so that, in case of a revolt on the continent, it was out of the power of his enemies to reduce him by famine. In this manner was the whole island covered with palaces, porticoes, temples, gardens, groves, baths, fishponds, &c. The greatest part, however, of these villas, were, as you may perceive by a glance at the map, erected on the eastern half of the island, and in the vicinity of the town of Capri, the rocks of which it consists not only being less frightful than those situated in the western part, and more variegated by intervals of cultivated soil, but affording more romantic prospects over the island and the adjacent continent.

In order to bring the twelve villas of Tiberius under one view, I shall now briefly enumerate them one after the other, rather in the order in which they lie, than according to that in which we visited them at different times.

We shall begin with the most important of all, as having been the usual residence of the emperor, and, on that account, distinguished above the others by its extent and magnificence. It was *dedicated to Jupiter*, and is called Villa Jovis by Suetonius and other ancient writers. Its site is nearly on the edge of a tremendous precipice, precisely where now stands a chapel, built from its remains, and *dedicated to the Virgin Mary* (Sa. Maria del Soccorso). The only inhabitant of this solitary spot, once the scene of unheard of debaucheries and cruelties, is a pious hermit, whose prayers and fasts seem, as it were, to expiate the enormities of its former tenant. The ruins here are considerable. Besides a range of lofty arches, you see some of the rooms in tolerable perfection, and the remains of several aqueducts. The subterraneous prison likewise was pointed out to us, in which the un-

fortunate Drusus, the grandson of Tiberius, was starved to death, and where, as Suetonius tells us, famine drove him to eat the stuffings of his pillow. At a small distance from this spot you still observe the ruins of the lighthouse, the falling in of which, a few days before Tiberius's death, was considered by the Romans as an omen of that event. Here we beheld with horror the spot from which this monster caused the victims of his cruelty to be thrown headlong into the sea, by dozens at a time, taking care to have, at the bottom of the rock, boats stationed, the crews of which were ordered to mangle with their hooks such of the wretches as had still life in them after the fall. This villa is further to be noticed as the place in which, after the suppression of the conspiracy of Sejanus (pretended or real), the cowardly tyrant shut himself up for nine months, without once daring to leave its walls. When you consider the tremendous height of this rock, you will not be surprised to hear of the truly enchanting prospect which its summit affords. Right below you is the channel between the main land and the island, which every ship coming from Sicily, Malta, Africa, and the Levant, passes on its way to Naples; beyond that, the promontory of Minerva and the picturesque Sorrentine mountains; before you, the whole bay of Naples, Vesuvius rearing its head to the clouds; to the left you have the promontories of Posilipo and Misenum, and the islands of Ischia, Procida, and Nisita. The view from hence over the island itself is no less beautiful and romantic, not a little heightened by the alternate changes of highly cultivated parts, and the nakedness of sterile masses of rock.

The second villa of Tiberius was likewise erected on a rock of great elevation, and its site, like the first, is indicated by a chapel, dedicated to St. Michel. Ruins of every kind are very numerous here, such as the remains of an aqueduct, of several reservoirs for water, and of some apartments excavated out of the solid stone. We observed a row of square holes cut into the rock, probably to serve as sockets for columns erected in them; and a covered walk, in tolerable preservation, most pleasantly situated. It was from this gallery that Tiberius kept a watchful look-out for the preconcerted signals from the main land, which (lest the news should travel too tardily by the common means of messengers) were to inform him of the events occurring at Rome on the occasion of the conspiracy of Sejanus, and of the execution of his orders to crush the same. This circumstance, my dear T. certainly affords another proof of the antiquity of the employment of telegraphic methods to convey speedily intelligence of importance.

The vale of Matromania, close to the eastern shore of the island, and at the distance of about three quarters of a mile from Jupiter's villa, next demands our attention. Its name alone, were there no other reason, would warrant a belief that on this spot stood the third villa, dedicated to Cybele, the "great mother," *mater magna*, the conversion of which into the present Matromania, may surely be allowed without much etymological stretch. But,

independent of this, the remains of a temple are still to be seen, whose cavernous construction precisely answers the mystic rites of the Pessinuntian goddess; and, what is more, in the very precinct of this temple an altar of Cybele has been dug out, which is stated to be deposited in the British Museum. (Pray go and ascertain that point!) The access to this sacred edifice is now very difficult. We had to descend a steep declivity, beset with briars and brushwood, which lacerated poor Don Michele's silk stockings in the most wretched manner. But on our arrival, I thought myself amply recompensed for the toilsome journey. The front and beginning of this temple seems to have been constructed of masonry, and is now almost entirely destroyed by time; but the remainder, to its end, appears to have been excavated out of the solid rock; and that portion indeed has sustained little injury, except by the growth of luxuriant shrubs of various kinds, which, as it were, strive to conceal its figure. At the end of the temple a small stone staircase leads to the sanctuary, and there we observed several niches, likewise cut in the rock. This dreary cavern was appropriated with judicious cunning by the worthless race of emasculated Galli, for the performances of their mysterious rites and juggling tricks, by which they deluded the superstitious part of the inhabitants.— The pagans, my dear T. had their bigots as well as more modern religious persuasions. Unmeaning mystic nonsense has in all ages exerted its charms upon weak intellects, or held out its veil to crafty hypocrites. The votaries of the great goddess, therefore, might, without impropriety, be paralleled with a certain class of our fanatic sectaries, who seek a pride in their secession from the faith of their fellow citizens, in order to embrace doctrines involved in mystic obscurity, and who depend, for the salvation of their silly souls, not on their actions, but on the observance of a cant jargon of unintelligible nonsense: but I much doubt whether the preachers of the latter would be quite so numerous as they are, were the conditions of their qualification similar to those imposed upon the priests of the Phrygian goddess.—Human bones are found in great abundance by digging on this solitary spot. Are they remnants of Tiberian cruelty, or, perhaps, of impious sacrifices to the divinity of the place?

More to the southward, on the same tract of coast, just before you come to Cape Tregara, is the site of the fourth villa, of whose name and particular appropriation no record informs us. That it was magnificent and extensive, we are warranted to conclude from a stately aqueduct, and heaps of ruins scattered on all sides.

About half way between the last-mentioned place and the town of Capri, is a spot called *Camerelle*, probably on account of the vast number of small, ruinous apartments, subterraneous cells, arches, and walls still seen there. Some cameos, discovered here at different times, throw great light on the appropriation of this fifth villa. It was, no doubt, the seminary established by his imperial majesty for the education of youth of both sexes in the science of ——— libidinous

tactics. It was, as Suetonius calls it, "*sedes arcanarum libidinum*." It was the spot so famous for the ingenious contrivance, called "sellaria;" it was the college of his "spintriæ," the nursery of his pisciculi, &c. Read the 42d and 43d chapters of Suetonius's Tiberius, and you will save my pen the disgusting task of saying more of the purposes to which this place was devoted.—The obscene cameos and intaglios which now and then are found on this spot go by the name of *spintrias*, and are sought after with the greatest avidity by connoisseurs of *refined* taste; some, I have been told, have been purchased at the price of two and more hundred ounces, according to the workmanship and the *neatness* of the subject.

It is natural, my dear T. to suppose that the reflections elicited by the view of this villa formed the subject of our conversation for some time after leaving it, the more so, as Don Michele, with the most calm inquisitiveness, asked for every minute particular which my recollection of the accounts of the ancient authors enabled me to furnish him with. His interrogatory resembled the cross examination with which an able counsellor endeavours to worry his victim stuck up in the witness-box. I knew him too well to expect any good from it. When he had fished out of my communicative disposition every thing he deemed meet for his purpose, he stopped short, coughed significantly three or four times, took out his *tabatière* (double the size of one of our tinder-boxes), and equitably dispensing to each of his nostrils a dose of the narcotic dust with a power of suction, which, in all probability, conveyed the stimulant to the vicinity of the pineal gland, and, with a strength of nasal intonation, which reverberated an audible echo from every cavity of the cranium, and disencumbering, moreover, his frill and the folds of his waistcoat from the surplus of the dose which had settled thereon, by a quick and repeated sweep of the hand spread into the shape of a broom, he began as follows: "Signor Don Luigi! were I less convinced of your veracity, and your mode of thinking and acting, I should fancy all that you have been trying to persuade me of, with regard to this emperor Tiberio, was a mere invention of your imagination by way of a frolic, to make a fool of your humble servant. But as I entertain a better opinion of your principles, I am inclined to believe, that if any body is made a fool of, it is not *me* at least. I make no doubt but these nursery tales of your Tacito and Suetonio, and by what other names you chuse to call those great historians, pass for gospel with you; and for why?—Why because they belong to what you are pleased to call classic authors! Classic indeed! to invent the disgusting accounts of such bestialities (*bestialitá*), which, instead of being put into the hands of young students, ought to be burnt by the common hangman.—Pray tell me how these knowing gentlemen got at all the secret scandal they relate of this emperor? Were they some chamberlain or gentleman usher in the palace? You say no! Then does it not stand to reason, that a man gifted with the cunning which you say Tiberius possessed, would know how to keep pranks like these from the rest of the world, particularly in an island like this, expressly

selected, as they themselves alledge, for the purpose of secrecy? Poor devil, he might as well have played off his tricks and fancies in the streets of Rome at noon-day, as be at so much pains for nothing at all. Nonsense! I'll tell you what I think of the matter: This Signor Don Suetonio took a particular delight in fabricating stories of the kind for no other reason than because they agreed with his own disposition, and no doubt he will find readers who delight equally in the perusal of them. I look upon such things"........

In "looking upon such things," the argumentative eagerness of poor Don Michele had made him forget to look upon the bare root of a venerable chesnut-tree, which projected across his path. An unfortunate *faux pas* had very nigh consigned him down a precipice about twelve yards in depth, had I not luckily caught the skirt of his silken frock, by which means he escaped with a slight contusion of the great extensor of his right arm, and a small rend of the skirt, which, in this instance, had proved the saviour of his invaluable person. The damage being thus trifling, I own I secretly rejoiced in the accident which alone could have put a stop to the eloquent display of his spirit of contradiction, although I could not help perceiving, among the wild nonsense of his argumentation, some scattered sparks of reasonable conception.

Without further interruption, therefore, on his part, save that of a few occasional clackings of the tongue against his upper teeth, we arrived at the site of the sixth villa, which, in the map, you will trace at the name of Certosa, there being a convent of Carthusian friars erected on the very same spot. Here, too, the observance of the severe rules of one of the most rigid orders of monks seems to atone for the lax discipline of the former imperial tenant. Few or no remains of pristine splendour presented themselves, the soil being in a great measure covered by the modern building, formed partly from ancient materials.

In our further progress we passed an old castle, built in the Gothic style; and after another quarter of a mile's walk, arrived at a farm which goes by the name of *Castiglione*. At this place the seventh villa is reported to have stood; but, owing to the elevation of surface, no traces of it are to be seen above ground. Some years ago, extensive excavations were carried on at this very spot, three or four subterraneous apartments laid open, and, in the course of the work, various interesting discoveries made; such as several fine cameos, and, among those, a beautiful head of Germanicus, a tesselated pavement in the highest preservation, of which Hadrawa gives a drawing in his work, and some busts and mutilated statues of excellent Grecian workmanship. Some of the rooms were paved with neat square tiles, on many of which the manufacturer's name was impressed; several stoves, and a number of leaden pipes carried through the apartments, as well as two or three reservoirs for water, render it evident that the whole was appropriated to the fashionable Roman luxury of warm baths.

Due south of Castiglione is the district of *Mulo*, where, bordering nearly on the sea, stood the eighth

villa. The situation was judiciously chosen, as affording the most delightful walks amidst the shady woods, which even now surround it.

The ninth villa, besides its splendid ruins, affords a natural curiosity: I allude to four grottoes in the rock, of considerable extent, two of them being about sixty yards long and twelve wide, and the other two of somewhat less dimensions. All of them are filled with water from plentiful springs, the source of which remains unknown; and, what is singular, all of them contain an abundant store of the finest chalk, which can scarcely be supposed indigenous, as it is to be found no where else in the island. But when, and for what purpose, it may have been conveyed thither, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to decide. Perhaps it served to manufacture Murrhine vases, of which the ancients so frequently speak in terms of the greatest praise, and which probably are the same as modern porcelain.

The tenth, eleventh, and twelfth villas, were, as you will perceive, situated more or less near the seashore, almost in a straight line and at nearly equal distances: the first of them in a wood close by Ajano, and the next in a plain called Campo Pisco, or Campo Episcopio, a name derived from a bishop, who bought the ground and built a fine farmhouse on it. The last and westernmost villa still retains the name of il Palazzo; it is not only close to the borders of the sea, but at present partly overflowed by it, and many of its ruins projecting out of the water (which has here greatly encroached upon the land), proclaim its former magnificence. Others stretch as far as the summit of the overhanging hill. We could distinguish an extensive range of apartments, and betwixt them, the remains of a temple, with part of its cupola. Shafts and capitals of the rarest marble, and fragments of beautiful pavements, have, not long ago, been discovered on this spot.

Besides the twelve villas above noticed, other objects of curiosity of Tiberian date obtrude themselves in various parts of the island, some of which I shall pass over, not to swell the bulk of this letter, which, to my regret, has already become more voluminous than I had an idea of. But I cannot forbear noticing a stupendous grotto cut into the rock on the southern shore of the island, called Grotta dell' Arsenale. Its purpose may be inferred from its name; it served as a dock to build gallies in, covered by the excavated arch of the rock. It ought to be viewed by sea in a boat, in which you may row to the very bottom; but my friend feeling no curiosity to venture on what he termed a useless expedition, I did not chuse to perform the trip alone, especially as I had still fresh in my memory the effect which the chilling cold of the Sybil's cave near Pozzuoli had produced on my feeble system.

The harbour of Tregara is also worthy of notice. A squadron of gallies was constantly kept in it by the suspicious tyrant, either to resist a naval attack, or, in the last extremity (as was his intention in the conspiracy of Sejanus), to save himself by flying to his legions in Spain or Africa.

No wonder that such a man as Tiberius should, during the nine

years he passed at Capri, only twice venture to expose himself to the fancied danger of visiting the capital: and even these two journies, as Suetonius informs us, were mere attempts. The first time he got no farther than the gardens near the Naumachia; and the second time, when he had come to the seventh mile-stone, a most curious, but unfavourable omen, deterred him at once from prosecuting his journey. We hear of some people being attached to a favourite cat or dog; others will fancy a monkey, parrot, or a guinea-pig; but the affections of his imperial majesty happened to be (most characteristically, you will allow,) rivetted on a *snake*, whom he not only delighted to feed with his own hand, but took with him wherever he went. But, lo! on opening the box which served as a habitation to the *gentle* favourite, he beheld with horror his darling devoured by a swarm of ants; an omen which induced his soothsayer to advise him to "beware of the power of the multitude." Taking the warning, he immediately hurried back, and was taken ill at Astura. He nevertheless hastened on to Circeii, where (dissimulation being his second nature) he took it into his head to sham the man in health; was not only present at the military games, but would throw a javelin at a wild boar. Such a feat, however, was ill calculated for a sick man in his years. He was seized with a sudden stitch in his side; and receiving, heated as he was, what the French call a *coup de vent*, he presently grew worse. Still pursuing his journey, or rather voyage (for I think he went by sea), towards Capri, he arrived at Misenum, within sight, and a few hours sail of the island. Here he made a short stay; but when he learnt that the senate had dismissed, without punishment, some persons whom he had denounced to them as guilty of the crime of high treason, he fell into the most violent rage, and, like a pursued beast which flies for safety to its lurking hole, immediately embarked once more for Capri. Short, however, as the passage is, he could not accomplish it; the motion of the vessel in a rough sea augmented his illness to such an alarming degree, that he was obliged to be landed at Lucullus's villa (which I have heard say stood on the present site of Castel d'Uovo, within pistol-shot of Naples,) where he died, a natural death I should suppose; although some assert he had poison given him, others that he was smothered with a pillow; and again others, that he was starved to death. Thus, though within sight of the island of Capri, was the old gentleman prevented from ending his days in this his favourite retreat, where, during nine years, he had without controul indulged in every species of sensuality and cruelty.

With the death of Tiberius the splendour of Capri decreased rapidly; not, as some alledge, because the senate sent workmen thither purposely to demolish the buildings, a fiction totally unwarranted by history. On the contrary, several succeeding emperors occasionally resorted there for their amusement. Caligula, who had all the vices, and none of the few good qualities of Tiberius, resided some time at Capri: an inscription found there, records even the stay of Marcus Aurelius. In

later times, however, it served, like other islands in the Tyrrhenian sea, as a place of exile. Lucilla and Crispina, the sisters of Commodus, were banished thither. Repeated earthquakes, probably, the traces of which are visible, contributed more than any other cause to its desolation. Nature herself (would I say were I a poet) took vengeance on the soil which witnessed the outrages committed against her. In our times, my dear T. she would have had no need to resort to such violent means to effect this purpose. Consigned to the fraternal care of a great republican nation, Capri might have been done for just as well. There would have been no need for the Goths, Vandals, and Barbary Corsairs, to give a finish to the business. All these nations, however, had their share in the work of destruction. The Corsairs, above all, handled the island most roughly in the frequent visits which they paid it during the time it belonged to the Spanish monarchy, and previously to that period. The famous Barbarossa once landed with a powerful fleet, and for some time remained master of Capri. His oppressions and cruelties were such, that to this day, near three hundred years after the event, the dread of his name has maintained itself in the island. In the mouth of the Caprean nurse it is as powerful a talisman to still the infant's screams, as the name of Marlborough in the Low Countries, or that of Trenck in Germany. I myself was witness to a quarrel on the beach between two Caprean sailors or fishermen, one of whom, after exhausting a plentiful collection of abusive epithets, by way of climax called his antagonist a Barbarossa, which, on enquiry, I learnt to be a Caprean synonim for a person of a wicked, tyrannical disposition. A modern hero, therefore, whose aim appears to be an immortal name, if he pursue the career he has commenced, need not fear attaining his object: indeed, if he retired from business at this moment, we might venture to insure to him Barbarossan immortality wherever his foot has trod. Not only his own countrymen (by adoption), but all Italy, a fair portion of Germany, the wandering Bedouin in Syria, and the industrious Fellah on the banks of the Nile, will have cause to remember, and to hand down to future generations, the name of their pretended deliverer.

(To be continued.)

THE LAST DAUPHIN OF FRANCE.

By Augustus von Kotzebue.

At the birth of this child, so ardently wished for, and in the sequel so deeply lamented, all France seemed to be intoxicated with joy, and numberless poetical compositious celebrated the event. One conducted the Loves to the cradle, around which the Furies were already stationed, and the fluttering deities presented to the royal infant,

> ——— ample moisson de cœurs,
> Tous les François avoient donné les leurs.

The poet spoke the truth; for the people are like children, who are

very ready to give, but, in the next moment, to take back what they have given.

Another Love was represented leading the goat Amalthea by a cord of interwoven flowers, to be the nurse of the new-born Jupiter; while others again

> Consideroient avec un telescope
> L'astre natal et dressoient l'horoscope.

These, however, were wretched astrologers, for they predicted nothing but happiness. Yonder another was seated spinning. He had stolen the distaff of the Fates, and was spinning a thread of extraordinary length.

> Qu'il file bien nos plaisirs et sa gloire,
> Ah! qu'il promet de matiere à l'histoire!

This prediction is in some measure correct. History will certainly not forget the last Dauphin, though she should be silent respecting the *plaisir* and the *gloire*.

The Loves were naturally enough followed by the Muses. One of them

> Chante Louis père d'un peuple heureux,
> L'auguste reine qu'on adore.

Proofs of this were furnished seven years afterwards by this *happy people*. All the deities now brought their contributions.

> Le père, dit Minerve, exemple des bons rois,
> De mes plus tendres soins fut l'objet autrefois,
> Je formerai le fils sur les vertus du père,
> Je les embellirai de celles de la mère.

This Minerva, as it is well known, was afterwards transformed into Simon, the shoemaker.

Another poet commenced in this pompous strain:

> Il est né ce héros l'objet de tant de vœux!

He prophesied the salvation of the world, and exultingly exclaimed,

> Quel terme peut borner sa carriere éclatante?

Fate, in sable attire, designed no reply to the poet. He thus continued his predictions:

> L'univers va reprendre une façe nouvelle.

This has been accomplished.

> Quel brillant avenir se dévoile à mes yeux!

This likewise has come to pass. Upon this he makes the sun glow with a purer fire, banishes all noxious winds and vapours, assembles all the virtues in France—(he ought not by right to have forgotten the Jews)—and concludes with the assurance, that

> ——— l'impitoyable Bellone
> Ne ravagera plus l'espoir des laboureurs.

This was a woful error, and not the only one. Another rhymester added,

> Tu regneras dans un heureux séjour,
> Où le peuple a d'un fils le tendre caractère,
> Où le monarque aimé par un juste retour,
> Est moins de ses sujets le maitre que le père.

The proofs of this filial affection of the people to their father are still fresh in the memory of every reader.

Thousands of poems made their appearance on the occasion, but the perusal of one will furnish a good idea of the contents of the rest. The literati were unwilling to be surpassed by the poets. One of them related, that at the birth of the most celebrated princes, signs and wonders had always been observed, or at least some remarkable event or other had happened. On Alexander's birth-day, Erostratus burned the temple of Ephesus (certainly a most significant omen of the birth of a conqueror). When Pompey, Cæsar, and Charlemagne came into the world, the heavens teemed with phenomena. At the birth of Francis I. the sun was once eclipsed, and the moon thrice. Com-

ment, Messieurs, continues this writer, l'astrologie se seroit distinguée dans un moment si flatteur pour la nation! Celle-ci possedoit un *roi adoré*, une *reine cherie* (who were both beheaded); mais il manquoit à ses desirs un rejeton digne d'eux, qui perpetuoit, pour le bonheur de la France, leurs bienfaits, leur douce humanité, et leurs vertus. Le peuple est dans les transports de la plus vive joie—chaque Français semble prononcer avec plus de sensibilité et de devouement le nom de Bourbon.—At the present day, no one dares to pronounce it, even in speaking of the island once known by that appellation.

He now proceeds to the remarkable events that distinguish the birth of the Dauphin. He was born on the 22d of October, the day on which, according to the Jewish and Arabic writers, God created the world. On the 22d of June the Greeks celebrated a great festival; and the same day Hannibal defeated the Romans at Thrasimene. On the 22d of December, Ferdinand of Spain expelled the Moors from Seville and Murcia. On the 22d of August, Henry VII. precipitated King Richard III. from the throne. On the 22d of November, Charles Gustavus of Sweden was born. On the 22d of July, 726, Charles Martel vanquished the Saracens at Tours. On the 22d of May, 1059, Philip I. was crowned. On the 22d of July, 1099, Godfrey of Bouillon was proclaimed king of Jerusalem. On the 22d of August, 1338, Philip de Valois gained the victory of Moncassel. On the 22d of May, 1349, Hannibal, Dauphin of Viennois, ceded his dominions to France, upon condition that the king's eldest son should always bear the title of Dauphin. On the 22d of February was born Charles VII. who drove the English out of France. On the 22d of September, 1435, the same monarch concluded a treaty of peace with the Duke of Burgundy. On the 22d of February, 1495, Charles VIII. made his solemn entry into Naples, which he had taken. On the 22d of March, 1594, Henry IV. did the same at Paris. On the 22d of September, 1601, Anne of Austria, mother of Louis XIV. was born, and on the 22d of August she was married to Louis XIII. On the same day, 1638, Sourdis burned the Spanish fleet. Lastly, on the 22d of April, 1781, Louis XVI. abridged himself of part of the parade of his court, for the humane purpose of supplying the poor in the hospitals with beds.

Here the writer terminates his historical researches. 'Tis only a pity that the same Louis, who sacrificed the luxuries to which he had been accustomed, to provide the hospitals with beds, was beheaded on the 21st, and not on the 22d of January, otherwise another remarkable coincidence might have been added to the above catalogue.

Ye high and mighty of the earth, cast a look at these lines, and then believe, if you can, the flatteries and assurances of attachment of your subjects!

ON COMMERCE.

No. X.

Resuming the observations which concluded our last paper, we shall finally close this subject with the remark, that the state of negroes in slavery to the English in the West India Islands, is seven times out of ten far preferable to that of the labourers in our own country; they are better fed, and, comparatively, do not work so hard; they are found in *every thing* at the expence of their master, who feeds, clothes, and supports them in sickness and in health; together with their families, if they have any. Where is the British labourer who can maintain his family with the utmost extent of his earnings, without running in debt, or being assisted by the parish? Farther, the negro can save money by selling the produce of his little garden, his poultry, and other live stock, which he has time given him to rear; whereas, if our labourer is fortunate enough to possess such advantages, the produce is consumed by his own family as part of their support. That there may be brutes in human shape possessed of slaves, we do not deny, but it must be also well known that they cannot either mutilate or kill their slave (a thing common enough with an African master) without experiencing the vengeance of the law, which, in the latter case, is now life for life. For the truth of all this, we appeal to any person who has either visited or resided at the places mentioned.

Proceeding onwards, after having passed Cape Lope Gonsalvo (which forms the south point, as Cape Tres Puntas does the north, of what is called the the Gulph of Guinea), we arrive at the kingdom of Loango, which, together with those of Congo and Angola, form the chief settlements of the Portuguese in this part of Africa. Loango furnishes those who trade in them, with the best and strongest slaves any where to be found; with these farther advantages, that they are purchased here and in Angola much cheaper than at any other place. This kingdom is also the first we come to in what is called Lower Guinea. The kingdom next adjoining is Congo. The Portuguese discovered this country in 1484, and established themselves there in 1491. They introduced Christianity amongst the natives, and are the only Europeans who trade there; in fact, the king of Portugal is sovereign of this kingdom, and has a viceroy at Loanda, the capital. Other nations are indeed allowed to put in upon the coast for refreshments, which they obtain in exchange for small looking-glasses and toys. Loanda is a safe and commodious port, from which all Portuguese vessels depart, either for Europe or Brazil. The trade in slaves is the most important that is carried on in Congo, and the number they export from thence to their American colonies is truly surprising. What renders this trade so extensive, as well as so lucrative to them, is the short and easy passage from hence to Brazil, the run from Loanda to that place being commonly made in one month, or 35 days; and from the passage being so short, scarcely any mortality takes place amongst the slaves, which is always the case whenever the voyage is long. The provinces of Banza, or St. Salvador, and Sondy, furnish the best slaves for exportation; whereas those from the other provinces of Congo, namely, Bamba, Pemba, and Sogno, from not being inured to labour, frequently die from change of air and climate.

The number of slaves kept by the Portuguese inhabitants at Loanda, Colombo, St. Salvador, and, indeed, wherever they have settlements, is matter of just astonishment; middling people keep from 50 to 200 each; several of the richest have 3000; and one of the religious societies at Loanda possesses more than 12,000, of different nations, comprising smiths, joiners, turners, masons, and other handicrafts. None of these are sent to Brazil, but such only as are taken in war, or sold by the great men of the country.

Mercator & Co.

Plate 27.—BRITISH SPORTS.

ROACH.

The roach usually weighs from a pound to a pound and a half. Its hue is silvery, with a cast of dull yellow, more dusky on the upper part, and the fins are red. The anal fin has twelve rays, and the ventral rays are of a blood-red colour. It is from the predominance of this colour that it has received, in French, the name of *rouget*, from which its English appellation is derived.

This fish frequents deep, still, and clear rivers, often appearing in large shoals, preceded by one or more, apparently stationed as a kind of guard. It spawns about the middle of May, and is very prolific. Its flesh is white, firm, and well tasted, but not held in great repute.

Roach are generally found in the same situations as perch; they frequent deep rivers with sandy bottoms, and particularly affect the vicinity of ship's sterns. The season for angling for them is from May to October, during the whole of the day, and at the depth of from six to twelve inches. The baits best calculated for these fish are the stone fly, found under hollow stones on the banks of rivers; the green drake, met with in the same situations; the ant fly; and the palmer fly, or worm, found on the leaves of plants; pastes either made of chewed bread, worked in the hand till stiff, or worked with honey or sugar, and mixed with gum ivy water, worms of all sorts, and grasshoppers.

SALMON TROUT.

The salmon trout, in general appearance and habits, very much resembles the common salmon, but is seldom equal to it in size. It is marked with black ocellated spots, the middle brownish, and has six dots on the pectoral fins. Like the salmon, it inhabits the European seas, and passes into the rivers to deposit its spawn. Its flesh, too, is of equal delicacy. The viscid muscus which covers the skin of this fish possesses the quality of exhibiting phosphoric light. The season, the time of angling, and proper baits for this fish, are the same as those for the salmon.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

In the course of the present month will be published, the *Gleaner* of Dr. Drake, elegantly printed in an octavo form, so as to suit the recent octavo editions of the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, and *Guardian*. It will be published, therefore, on demy and royal paper, forming four handsome volumes; and another edition will be afterwards printed uniform with Chalmer's *British Essayists*, and with the edition of the *British Classics*, published by Mr. Sharpe. This re-publication of the best productions of those periodical papers, which, in their entire state, have not been so fortunate as to establish a claim to incorporation in the collective editions of our Essayists, will, we have little doubt, meet with a favourable reception; for not unfrequent are the essays

scattered through these volumes, which, both in point of style and matter, may vie with the most valuable in our popular collections.

An *Account of the Isle of Man*, comprising its history, antiquities, and present state, from the pen of Mr. George Wood, will be ready for publication in a few weeks.

The *History of Lynn*, civil, commercial, biographical, political, and military, from the earliest accounts to the present time, by William Richards, A.M. will be shortly completed in one large octavo volume.

The Rev. J. Fawcett has in the press, *the Devotional Family Bible*, containing the Old and New Testaments, with copious notes and illustrations, partly original, and partly selected from the most approved expositors, ancient and modern, with a devotional exercise also at the end of every chapter by way of improvement. This work will be sold in parts or in numbers, as may best suit the convenience of purchasers; and will be comprised in two volumes, royal quarto.

Mr. J. J. Stockdale is engaged in compiling a supplement to the *Covent-Garden Journal;* containing the history of the late contest at the new theatre, and all letters, *jeux d'esprit*, &c. published thereon.

Mrs. Green, the anonymous writer of some works of popularity and merit, has in the press a romance, in four volumes, entitled *The Royal Exile; or, Victims of Human Passions*. It is founded on events of great interest to this empire, which took place in the sixteenth century.

Thomas Vaughan, Esq. of Lambeth-road, Surry, has just completed a novel in three volumes, entitled *Fashionable Follies;* containing the history of a Parisian family, with a peep into the English character, which is justly contrasted with the Parisian. The work is dedicated, by permission, to George Colman, Esq. and is accompanied with a beautiful vignette, from a design by the celebrated Loutherbourg.

Dr. George Rees is preparing for the press, a new edition of his popular work on *Disorders of the Stomach;* in which many additional cases and important observations will be introduced.

The Rev. Mr. Davies, of Campton Academy, is printing an useful collection of *Reading Exercises*, for youth of both sexes.

The second part of Lackington, Allen, and Co.'s *Catalogue*, containing the sciences of every description, Greek and Latin classics, dictionaries, French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and other foreign books, odd volumes, &c. &c. is now ready for delivery; and the third and last part, which will comprise a fine collection of divinity and ecclesiastical history, and a copious appendix of books in all languages and classes, many of them extremely rare, will be published at Christmas.

The annual courses of popular lectures at the *Surry Institution*, Blackfriars Bridge, commenced on the 15th ult. and will be continued every succeeding Monday and Thursday evenings, at seven o'clock, during the season. We understand that the following gentlemen are engaged for the respective departments, viz.

Zoology, G. Shaw, M.D.F.R.S.
Music, Mr. S. Wesley.

Zoonomy,	J. M. Good, Esq.
The Chemistry of the Arts,	F. Accum, M.R.I.A.
Natural Philosophy and Astronomy,	Mr. Hardie.

Mr. Tench has found the following to be an efficacious method of destroying those myriads of insects which infest apple-trees and destroy the fruit :—Make a thick white wash of unslacked lime and soft water. Apply this mixture with a soft painting-brush over the stem and boughs of the tree, about the time when the sap begins to rise. This will be found in the course of the ensuing summer to have removed all the moss and insects, and to have given to the bark a fresh and green appearance; and the tree will altogether be improved in growth.

The following account of a recent eruption of Mount Vesuvius, attended with some extraordinary circumstances, is given in a letter from Naples, dated Sept. 24.—This eruption was not preceded by the usual indications; every convulsion of Vesuvius being previously announced by the drying up of the wells of Naples. This phenomenon did not take place on this occasion, and, to the great surprise of the inhabitants, Vesuvius began to emit flames on the night of the 10th of September. On the morning of the 11th the flames became more intense, and the lava began to flow from the east and south-east sides of the mountain. Towards evening the conflagration increased; and about twilight two grand streams of fire were seen to flow down the ridge of the volcano: night produced no change in this state of things. On the morning of the 12th a hollow sound was heard, and kept increasing; the fire and smoke equally augmenting in intensity, and towards evening the horizon was obscured. The breeze, usual in these parts, having blown from the south-east, dissipated the accumulated clouds. The mountain continued to vomit lava and a dense smoke, which, even at a distance, was strongly sulphureous; the hollow noise in the sides of the mountain continued to increase. Curious to witness as near as possible one of the most astonishing phenomena of nature, and forgetting the misfortune of Pliny, I set out from Naples, and at eight in the evening reached Portici. From thence to the summit of the mountain the road is long and difficult. About half way there is an hermitage, which has long afforded refuge and shelter; a good hermit has there fixed his residence, and, for a moderate sum, furnishes refreshments, which, to the fatigued traveller, are worth their weight in gold. The environs of this hermitage produce the famous wine called *lachryma Christi*. From the hermitage to the foot of the cave, there is a long quarter of a league of tolerably good ground; but in order to reach the *crater*, it is necessary to climb a mountain of cinders, where at every step you sink up to the mid leg. It took my companions, myself, and our guides, two hours to make this ascent; and it was already midnight when we reached the *crater*. The fire of the volcano served us for a torch; the noise had totally ceased for two hours; the flame had also considerably decreased: these

circumstances augmented our security, and supplied us with the necessary confidence in traversing such dangerous ground. We approached as near as the heat would permit, and we set fire to the sticks of our guides in the lava, which slowly ran through the hollows of the crater. The surface of this inflamed matter nearly resembles metal in a state of fusion; but as it flows it carries a kind of scum, which hardens as it cools, and then forms masses of scoria, which dash against each other, and roll all on fire, with considerable noise, to the foot of the mountain. Strong fumes of sulphuric acid gas arise in abundance from these scoria, and by their caustic and penetrating qualities render respiration difficult. We seemed to be pretty secure in this situation, and were far from thinking of retiring, when a frightful explosion, which launched into the air fragments of burning rocks to the distance of more than 100 fathoms, reminded us of the danger to which we were exposed. None of us hesitated a moment about a retreat, and in five minutes we cleared in our descent a space of ground which we had taken two hours to climb. We had not reached the hermitage before a noise more frightful than ever was heard; and the volcano, in all its fury, began to launch a mass equal to some thousand cart-loads of stones, and fragments of burning rocks, with a projectile force which it would be difficult to calculate. As the projection was vertical, almost the whole of this burning mass fell back again into the mouth of the volcano, which vomited it forth anew to receive it again, with the exception of some fragments, which flying off, fell at a distance, and alarmed the inquisitive spectator, who avoided them, as, on public fêtes, we avoid the handle of the rockets in our fire-works. The 13th commenced with nearly the same appearances as those of the preceding day. The volcano was tranquil, and the lava ran slowly in the channels which it had formed during the night; but at four in the afternoon, a frightful and continued noise, accompanied with frequent explosions, announced a new eruption. The shocks of the volcano were so violent, that at Castel Uovo, built upon a rock, where I then was, at the distance of near four leagues, I felt oscillations similar to those produced by an earthquake. About five o'clock the eruption commenced, and continued during the greater part of the night. This time the burning matter flowed down all the sides of the mountain, with a force hitherto unprecedented; all Vesuvius was on fire, and the lava has caused the greatest losses; houses and whole estates have been overwhelmed, and at this day families, in tears and reduced to despair, search in vain for the inheritance of their ancestors, buried under the destroying lava. At ten at night, the hermitage was no longer accessible; a river of fire had obstructed the road. The districts situated on the south-east quarter of the mountain, were doomed to suffer still more. Vesuvius was now one vast flame, and the seaman at a great distance might contemplate at his leisure this terrific illumination of nature.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

WOELFL'S HARMONIC BUDGET, *composed, and dedicated by permission to her Royal Highness*

HALF DRESS.

WALKING, & MORNING DRESS.

the Princess of Wales, by her Royal Highness's very devoted, humble servant, J. Woelfl. No. IV. Pr. 5s.

In this fourth number of his budget, Mr. W. has given us *a march, a rondo,* and *a favourite German air with variations.* The march (in D major) appears to us rather intended to serve as an introductory movement to the rondo, than to guide the measured step of the warrior on the parade or field of battle; and as such we conceive its purpose appropriately answered. The concluding lines of the first and second parts are both elegant and impressive, and conspicuous for the natural and neat turn of some bars in the bass. In the very beginning of the second part we notice with satisfaction the sudden transition from the key of B minor into that of G major.

The subject of the succeeding *rondo presto* (also in the key of D major) is extremely simple, but not the less pleasing: the same may be said at the beginning of the second part *(p.* 42) of the alternate introduction of the full chords of the key of D and its seventh. In the same page *(l.* 5) we meet with a strikingly novel and bold solution from A into C, which, together with the equally able return to the key of A in the next line, proclaims the pen of a master. The last page of this rondo claims, in many respects, particular notice. The short digression in the key of G is replete with expression of sweet simplicity; the alternate ascent by true and false fifths of its second part, without being a copy, is strictly in the style of Mozart, and the concluding turn *(l.* 3, *b.* 3) perfectly in the favourite manner of that great master. In the termination of the rondo, Mr. W. has likewise been eminently successful; the sudden irruption into the key of B b produces an unexpected and fine effect; and the return to the original key by means of successive sixths in the bass *(l.* 4, *b.* 4, and *l.* 5, *b.* 1,) is above our praise. Nearer to the end, both hands alternate the idea of the subject, till they unite in terminating the rondo by a joint ascent in the chord of the original key.

The last of the three pieces in this number consists, as we have before stated, in a set of voluminous variations of a favourite German air. Mr. W. does not mention the author of the subject (Mozart); nor has he thought proper to favour his fair subscribers with the title of this beautiful national song; a practice which we believe general among the composers of the present day, and the omission of which we look upon as an oversight of the author's, easily to be remedied in a succeeding number. The bass accompaniment allotted to the second part of the theme is different from that which we remember to have seen, but not less beautiful; although, for the mere subject, it may by some be deemed too *recherché* and chromatic. The variations, nine in number, are elaborate, scientific, and highly distinguished by the variety of their respective characters. Var. 1 assigns to the bass the whole melody of the theme, while the right hand is busied to follow in semiquavered evolutions of octaves and other appropriate passages. The third variation is precisely a reversed counterpart of the first; the bass proceeding through successive oc-

taves, while the treble goes through the subject in its simplest form. In var. 5, the theme is skilfully re-presented in the character of a fugue in the key of C minor, both hands responsively relieving each other. The sixth variation, with its very original and neutral beginning, departs more than any other from the theme, but its modulations eminently bespeak the author's harmonic skill.

A desire to do justice to the merit of this composition, has, we perceive, already led us to outstep our proposed limits; we shall therefore trespass no further on the indulgence of our musical readers than by noticing the last variation, in which the subject is represented under a presto in $\frac{3}{8}$ time. Here Mr. W. has given full range to his fertile fancy, by introducing a variety of skilful transitions and modulations *(pp.* 52 and 53). In the last page he suddenly, but elegantly, drops again into the second part of the subject; and after tarrying for a few lines in the spirit of his theme, and regularly proceeding to a conclusion which every one anticipates in C major, he smiles at our expectation, and with one bold leap throws himself into Ab and Db major; from whence, by means of one adroit chord, he again slips into C, and closes his career. In this conclusion a richness of harmonic skill prevails, which, we are confident, will be acknowledged by the most able of Mr. W.'s competitors. These variations are by no means an ephemeral production; they are, in our opinion, worthy of the author's musical genius.

Dedicated, by permission, to her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte of Wales, a Collection of HYMNS AND PSALMS, *arranged for the* HARP AND PIANO-FORTE, *or the* HARP *alone; to which are added some Songs by Handel, an Introduction, and several Hymns, expressly composed for this Work* by Ph. J. Meyer, sen.—1st Book, Price 10s. 6d.

We have, on one or two former occasions, had an opportunity of expressing our favourable opinion of the compositions of this author. The present work, the contents of which are amply detailed in the title-page, although only in part original, does not detract from that opinion.

Such of our readers as are unacquainted with the fine effect which the harp is capable of giving to sacred music, and are performers on that favourite instrument, will find this publication worthy of their attention; the more so, as the slowness of the time, and the manner in which the different movements are arranged, present no difficulties out of the reach of an incipient performer, to whom this work may be recommended as an excellent means of gradual improvement. In the selection of the authors, Mr. M. has been judicious; we meet with the names of Haydn, Handel, Corelli, Courtville, and (what may be deemed a musical curiosity), even Martin Luther, who, full of the glorious work of his reformation, seems to have resorted even to harmony, to accomplish the divine object of his undertaking; and, very successfully, we must allow, when we consider the distance of the time in which his hymns were produced.—The introduction, as well as fifth, ninth, and tenth hymns, are Mr.

M.'s original composition. The former is a simple, but solemn movement, well adapted to the sacred character of the whole work; and Mr. Meyer's own hymns will lose nothing by a comparison with those of the other celebrated authors among which they are placed. Indeed, they are very beautiful, especially No. 9, in G minor, "How are thy servants blest, O Lord!" the opening and concluding symphony of which, as well as several passages in the hymn itself, evince much harmonic science and contrapuntal skill.—The piano-forte part is well adapted to the character of the instrument, likewise of easy execution; and it possesses the advan- ·ge of being so arranged, that, with e exception of the introduction, forms, by itself, a full accompa- nent to the melodies, without the sistance of the harp part.

N ADDRESS TO LOVE, *from "the Pleasures of Possession," a Poem by Charles Verral, Esq.* composed by A. Betts. Pr. 1s.

Mr. Betts, to whose skill on the violin we have more than once had the pleasure of paying the meed of approbation, appears here in a walk in which we have not met him before. We are therefore the more gratified in having it in our power to speak favourably of this specimen of his abilities as a vocal composer. The anacreontic text of these lines is exhibited under a simple, but elegantly calm melody, replete with tender expression, and supported by a full and correct accompaniment, the softness of which is greatly augmented by an occasional judicious use of chromatic semitones. The symphony likewise claims our commendation in that respect: it is distinguished by the fine progress of its thirds through the chromatic scale, which gives it an effect of tranquil solemnity. Neither the vocal nor the instrumental parts are embarrassed by any difficulties of execution; feeling is all that is wanted to do justice to the composer's conception. We perceive inexcusable neglect of the metre on the part of the poet, which the composer was under the necessity of remedying in the succeeding stanzas, by the occasional insertion of an additional note.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

SURRY THEATRE.

MR. Walter Scott's elegant poem of the *Lady of the Lake* has furnished the manager of this theatre with the subject of a very interesting melo-dramatic spectacle, recently produced on this stage under the same title. Not only has the fable been pretty closely adhered to, but the most beautiful passages of the poem have, with considerable judgment, been incorporated with the piece. The music, by Mr. Sanderson, chiefly in the Scotch style, is appropriate, and in some of its parts highly pathetic. Of the wild Highland scenery we cannot but speak in terms of unqualified praise. The painter has pourtrayed a variety of picturesque alpine views with a degree of truth and fancy highly creditable to his abilities as an artist. Mr. Elliston, as Fitzjames, by his impressive acting, nightly earns the

applause due to his talents and efforts; and Mr. Cooke, in the character of Roderick Dhu, maintains the favourable opinion we have, on a former occasion, expressed of his abilities. Mrs. St. Leger we have repeatedly seen announced in the bills as the representative of Lady Margaret; but, to our extreme surprise, in the bills alone have we seen her, since, every time we attended the theatre, Mrs. Hatton performed not only that character, but likewise another in the same piece. The former circumstance was not accounted for to the audience, and the latter proved a considerable drawback on the effect of dramatic illusion. From her dying scene, likewise, although respectably rendered, we derived no gratification. She is made to die by inches, under distorting agonies, which are more likely to produce disgust, than sympathy, in the minds of the audience. In addition to this new piece, the last month has been distinguished by much novelty in point of performers and characters. Miss Feron has sung for two or three nights; but the trifling piece which served to introduce her charming voice, and which received its *due* share of applause from the gallery, for its attack on foreign musical talent of the first order, had that unfortunate inconsistency in it, that, while its evident intent was to ridicule foreign singers, it assigned to Miss Feron the odd task of displaying her powers by an attempt to imitate the variations of the two fine airs sung by a first-rate foreign singer in this country, Madame Catalani. If the Italians are to be made game of, why not make Miss Feron confine herself to her own language? But, in our opinion, where superior excellence is admitted, ridicule is inapplicable, without reflecting a reproach of ignorance. What would the man or nation be thought of that presumed to satirize a Shakspeare or Milton for his poetry, a Newton on account of his transcendent philosophical discoveries, a Guido or Raffaele for his paintings, the ancient Romans for their military knowledge, or the Greeks for their refined taste and execution in the plastic arts?—But to return from our digression: we have further to notice the eccentricities and astonishing feats of Mr. Bradbury, the clown, whose engagement for a few nights procured him an ample share of well-merited applause, and th[e] managers crowded houses at fu[ll] price.—Miss Taylor likewise oug[ht] not to be forgotten. In the part [of] Kitty Barleycorn, in the *Londo[n] Hermit*, which she undertook at he[r] benefit, she displayed, in a walk perfectly new to her, no common comic powers, entirely unsuspected by the audience: these, if properly cultivated, are likely to render her as great a favourite in the regular drama, as she already is in pantomimic performances.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE

Closed on the 15th October, as it begun, with the performance of the *Blood-red Knight*, after an uninterrupted exhibition of the same spectacle for one hundred and seventy-four successive nights, a circumstance perhaps unprecedented in the annals of the English stage. Although the comparative want of frequent novelties has caused a degree of sameness in the performances at this theatre, which will account for the brevity of our monthly re-

ports, this season, nevertheless, has yielded one of the most successful harvests that the proprietors have collected for some years. Its exclusive exhibitions of skilful horsemanship, no doubt have, in a great degree, contributed to gain it the high degree of public favour which it has experienced. On the day abovementioned, in particular, which had been selected for the benefit of Mr. Astley, jun. the equestrian exercises received general and well-earned applause. The audience felt delighted and astonished at the sagacity of the horses that went through a minuet in the most genteel and correct style. The observance of musical time, frequently so difficult to inculcate into human heads, was so well adhered to on the part of those animals, that one would have supposed they had been taught by means of Mr. Ackermann's musical regulators.

FASHIONS FOR LADIES.

PLATE 29.—EVENING, OR HALF DRESS.

A ROUND gown of white crape, fancy leno, or muslin, with deep embroidered border at the bottom, and bosom ornamented to correspond; short sleeves and tucker of Mechlin lace; an under-dress, or slip of pink satin. Hat of imperial silk velvet *(à la Maria Louisa)*, ornamented with gold embroidery, and curled ostrich feathers. Shawl of white Indian mohair or Paris silk, embroidered with gold and shaded brown silk, finished with correspondent tassels, neck-chain, and Maltese cross of elastic gold. Indian bracelets, and ear-rings to correspond. White satin slippers, with silver filligree clasps. French kid gloves, and fan of silver-frosted crape.

PLATE 30.—WALKING DRESS.

Robe of white Indian muslin, with Spanish vest and Flemish skirt, ornamented at the bottom, bosom, and sleeves with needle-work, or appliqued lace; antique cuffs, pointed collar, fastened in the center of the throat with a topaz broach. Bonnet *à la Mary, Queen of Scots*, composed of intertwined crape and straw, and lined throughout with rose-coloured sarsnet; the extremity of the crown finished with vandyke scallops in white satin, the edges terminated with straw; a small *bouquet* of autumnal flowers in front, blended with bows of white satin ribbon, and tied under the chin with the same. French tippet of leopard silk shag. Shoes and gloves of rose-coloured kid.

MORNING DRESS.

A plain muslin round gown, with long sleeves, and embroidered habit-shirt; short sleeves over, composed of alternate lace and muslin; habit-shirt trimmed round the throat with a deep lace. Muslin spencer jacket without sleeves, very short, trimmed round the arm-holes, bosom, and waist, with lace. A helmet cap, formed of alternate lace and stripes of embroidery; finished on the crown with a square of lace, edged with beading; in the front, full quillings, or gathered lace, formed in a sort of turban; the cap tied under the chin with white ribbon. Gloves and shoes of buff-coloured kid.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

In spite of the anathema which, in my character of Arbiter Elegantiarum, I thought fit last season to level against spencers, I perceive that the newspapers again announce that they are in preparation for winter dresses. To my former observations on this subject I can add nothing, and must only express regret that I have not been more successful in convincing my fair readers of the vulgarity and inelegance of this incomplete and inconsistent habit. The good sense of the fashionable world has completely triumphed over the attempt at the reintroduction of long waists. This absurd and offensive mode of dress is at length consigned to shopkeepers' wives and milliners' apprentices. Spencers will, I hope, soon share the same fate.

My readers, during their summer excursions, will, I doubt not, have had occasion to observe and lament the influence that the love of dress has upon the inhabitants of country towns and villages. Cottage girls, whose parents can scarcely get bread to eat, and certainly cannot get butter to their bread, must nevertheless have their frilled habit-shirts and their long-sleeved gowns. This is a period of too great liberty for the introduction of sumptuary laws; but I think it becomes the duty of landholders, and proprietors of estates, to check as much as possible this ruinous propensity in the country people, and to stimulate their tenants, by all the means in their power, to aim at cleanliness rather than at finery.

The introduction of sumptuary laws would meet with another insurmountable obstacle at present; I mean the difficulty of determining the line of demarkation. The definition of a gentleman born in 1590, according to "the booke of honour and armes," was "one descended from three degrees of gentry, both on the mother's and father's side." The definition of a gentleman born in the present day, is any one who possesses a certain sum of money in the funds, though his father be a scavenger or a chimney-sweeper.

After all, if the truth must be told, neither the beaux nor belles of modern times seem to require the correction which it was thought necessary to administer to our ancestors. In the reign of Edward IV. according to Stow, "it was proclaimed throughout England, that the beaks or points at the toes of shoes and boots should not exceed two inches in length, upon pain of cursing by the clergy, and forfeiting twenty shillings; one noble to the king, another to the cordwainers of London, and a third to the chamber of London." From wearing long beaks to their toes, our wise forefathers gradually fell into the contrary extreme; and in the reign of Mary, the preposterous breadth and squareness of the feet gave rise to another proclamation, "that no gentleman should wear his shoes above six inches square at the toe." If this was the limit, what must have been the extension?

Absurdities like these dispose us to think with much more complacency of the fashions of the present day: indeed, as far as the ladies are concerned, dress is *now*, with very few exceptions, dictated by elegance, simplicity, and good taste.

Arbiter Elegantiarum.

SIXTEENTH LETTER FROM A YOUNG LADY IN THE GAY WORLD, TO HER SISTER IN THE COUNTRY.

Lovedale Park.

Dearest Constance,

SENSIBLE as I ever am to the pleasures of a London residence, when autumn's beauties fade, and drooping nature mourns her sad decline, yet am I by no means vexed at our being destined to tarry another fortnight at this noble mansion, which is not only distinguished for the elegance of its structure, and the picturesque scenery by which it is surrounded, but for the splendour of the establishment kept up by the elegant and fashionable countess, its present possessor. She reigns here as empress, protected by an uncle and her mother. She is a lovely young woman, of about twenty-three, rather of the majestic order of beauty; dark eyes and hair, with a clear animated satin-like complexion, and a figure of graceful proportions. She has a lively and ready wit, easy, cheerful disposition, some talent, and is greatly and fashionably accomplished. Her fortune is magnificent; and as she is fond of society, and knows most of the families of rank in the metropolis, we are seldom without a house full of guests. We have now four families resident besides ourselves, and our time is divided between driving round the neighbourhood when the mornings are fine, in penning our own little effusions, and sketches of characters, &c. which are printed in a press established in the house for the purpose, and delivered in at our breakfast hour. This invention amuses and enlivens us greatly, and occupies the time till the carriages and saddle horses come round. At dinner we assemble a gay and elegant group of fashionables; and when we retire to the drawing-room, we are usually joined soon after by most of the families in the neighbourhood; when music, cards, chess, the play of the devil, together with some conversation and a little flirting, occupy us during the evening. There have been several balls and private concerts given by the countess and her friends during the autumn; and next week there will be a concluding one at this mansion, which will be attended from far. You will easily credit how much I feel in my element here; indeed, if elegance and hospitality were to be found in the country residences of the great and the affluent, I know not who would emigrate to monotonous, insipid, inconvenient watering places, where you run a round of ordinary amusements with your shoemaker and your milliner, in which there is neither pleasure nor profit. How far more elegant, satisfying, and select, is the society in which I now mix, where every one is *known* to be what they appear! I have said thus much to you on this subject, not only from an intent to amuse you, but because, at this intermediate period, which may fairly be styled the interregnum of fashion, there is more of individual fancy in attire, than any particular adoption. I shall, however, endeavour to collect for you all the information I can before I seal my letter, and with that you must content yourself till the varying goddess resumes her wintry reign.

The silk cloak, the full-trimmed spencer, and military scarf, the long silk pelisse, or Arabian coat of the same, worn with French tippets of ermine, or silk shag, constitute the chief of what is attractive and fashionable for out-door decoration. Hats and bonnets of the old Roman poke form, a few gipsy, helmet, and cottage, as well as riding hats, each composed of chip, or plain plated, or fancy straw, seem selected for general wear. We have just receiv-ed rather a novel order of article in this way, called the college cap: it is composed of green velvet, orna-mented with silk tassels and heron's feather; but I must confess I con-sider them more singular, than either becoming or elegant. We have three-quartered pelisses of the same, confined down the front with large silk frogs: cuffs and collars of leo-pard silk shag. There is nothing more new in morning robes than the Grecian rounded wrap, the haymak-er's jacket, of bombazeen or cambric, laced with silk cord, and the high gown, with appliqued cuffs and bo-som, with gored seams of needle-work or lace. The short sleeve and demi-train are now universally at-tached to the evening or full dress. Coloured robes for dinner and full dress still prevail: they are blended with folds of white satin or velvet, and sometimes simply trimmed with deep thread-lace; silver and gold being too striking and splendid a decoration for this period of the year, which demands more of ele-gant simplicity than of a brilliant display. We have lately introduc-ed amber carpe robes tamboured in light, yet deep borders of black che-nille, with bodices to correspond: we wear them over white satin slips, pearl ornaments, and white satin slippers. The whole has a somewhat unique and elegant effect. Needle-work and lace are more in-troduced, if possible, than ever, in every species of white dress: all dresses but those of Spanish bomba-zeen, satin, and sarsnet, are a good deal trimmed; these are simply or-namented with plaitings of net, or deep falls of lace round the bosom. The waist is not worn immoderately long with us. Tippets of needle-work, of satin with shag, or even swansdown, cover the back and shoulders in evening dress, and at the theatres in town. There is little change in the style of disposing the hair: a few fashionables have worn it curled in ringlets below the nape of the neck; but they have at pre-sent few followers. Autumnal flow-ers, pearl, and gems decorate the hair, as usual, in evening parties. Caps are not seen on *young women*, except at the breakfast table, when the Maria Louisa mob, the found-ling, and convent hood of lace, are the most in vogue with our fashion-ables. We generally appear till dinner in half-boots of silk, the co-lour of our ribbons or pelisses. Some prefer the Roman or Grecian high shoe. In full dress, coloured kid, appliqued at the toes with white satin in horizontal stripes, are a very neat decoration for the foot, but cannot vie with those of white satin, silk, or kid. Amidst the variety of jewellery I see here, the satin bead of unrivalled neatness, and the large mother-of-pearl clasp and broach, set in gold, are the most novel and elegant. Adieu, *ma chere sœur!* Expect a budget of intelligence on my return to town. Ever your's affectionately and faithfully,

BELINDA.

LINCOLNS INN FIELDS

coming in from Gt. Queen Street.

VIEW OF LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS.

PLATE 28.

This square, though surpassed by some others of the British metropolis in regard to the effect of the buildings which compose it, is universally allowed to be the largest, and one of the most beautiful in London, if not in Europe. It is encompassed on three sides by houses, and on the east, by the wall of the terrace of Lincoln's Inn garden; beyond which, the noble range, known by the name of Stone Buildings, strike the eye as you enter the square on the opposite side.

The dimensions of this square are said to correspond exactly with those of the base of the great pyramid of Egypt. It was originally laid out by the masterly hand of Inigo Jones, and was intended to have been built in one uniform style; but, at that period, people of taste and enterprize were wanting, to execute the plan. On this model is the house formerly belonging to the Duke of Ancaster, situated about the middle of the west side of the square, designed by the great architect above-mentioned. It possesses that simple grandeur which characterizes all his works, and is no inconsiderable instance of the softness and sweetness of his touches. Contiguous to it, another house has since been erected on the same plan. From a survey of these edifices, some idea may be formed of the noble appearance which the square would have exhibited, had the whole been built after this elegant design. It cannot, indeed, be denied, that some of the other houses are grand and noble, but they are far from possessing that beauty which arises from uniformity.

An iron palisade, fixed upon a stone plinth at a proper distance from the buildings, incloses an area of several acres, with grass-plots and gravel walks. The ornamental shrubs and trees with which it was planted about ten years since, render this a delightful place of recreation for the inhabitants of the square, and have so improved its appearance, that it now rivals in beauty any of those at the west end of the metropolis.

Behind the south side of Lincoln's Inn Fields, a new edifice has recently been erected in a style of simple elegance, and, from the purposes to which it is applied, denominated Surgeons' Hall. The principal entrance to this structure is designed to be from the square: to this end works are now carrying on, and are expected, when complete, to add another ornament to those which it already possesses.

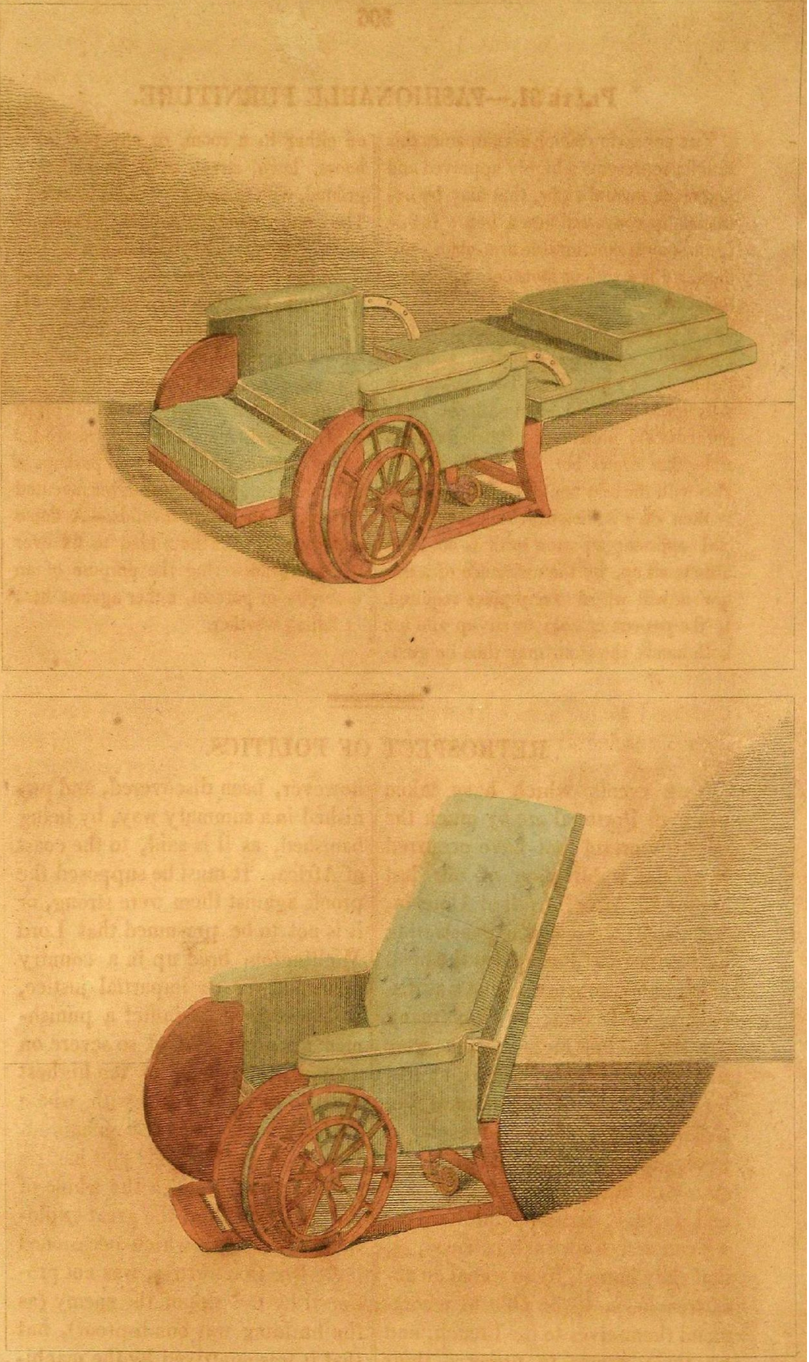
It may be remarked, that this square has been, of late years, the residence of many distinguished characters in the profession of the law, for whom its vicinity to the inns of court and chancery certainly render it a peculiarly eligible situation.

Plate 31.—FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

The engraving which accompanies this article, represents a highly approved and ingenious invalid chair, that may be occasionally converted into a bed. It first forms a most comfortable arm-chair; underneath is a sliding footstool, which extends at pleasure. The back slopes to any elevation, which is regulated by two strong iron quadrants and pins, rising or falling to any distance. The back at last falls quite flat and level with the seat; immediately under which there is also a slide that draws out, and becomes level also with the seat and back. The whole is then of a sufficient length for a bed; and supposing a person so ill as not to be able to sit up, by the assistance of a pillow it will wheel to any place required. If the patient is able to sit up and use both hands, the chair may then be guided either in a room, or any part of a house, lawn, street, road, or pleasure-ground, with the greatest ease and safety. The smaller inside mahogany wheels are parts by which the two hands are to steer the chair; the large wheels are shod with iron, and thus prepared for gravel walks, &c. The frame is mahogany, stuffed in canvas with the best curled hair, covered either with leather, chintz cotton, or other materials. The whole forms a very handsome piece of furniture for any apartment whatever, and perhaps a more desirable article was never invented for aged persons or invalids.—A dome canopy may also be added to fix over the head, answering the purpose of an umbrella or parasol, either against heat or falling weather.

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS.

The events which have taken place in Portugal are by much the most important that have occurred since the publication of our last number. After the fall of Almeida, and while Massena was penetrating into the heart of Portugal at the head of his immense army, a plot was discovered at Lisbon, in which many persons of the highest rank were found to be engaged, and which had for its object the destruction of the British troops and the surrender of Portugal to France. As the conspirators were all persons of rank and fortune, the only motive that we can assign for such baseness, is, that they hoped, by so signal an ac of treachery, to be able to recommend themselves to the French, and by these means to preserve their possessions. The conspirators have, however, been discovered, and punished in a summary way, by being banished, as it is said, to the coast of Africa. It must be supposed the proofs against them were strong, or it is not to be persumed that Lord Wellington, bred up in a country renowned for its impartial justice, would consent to inflict a punishment so summary and so severe on a number of persons of the highest rank in the kingdom, with whose protection he is specially charged. It is supposed that this plot had its ramifications through the whole of Portugal, and that the great explosion at Almeida, which occasioned the fall of that fortress, was not produced by the fire of the enemy (as the building was bomb-proof), but that it was contrived by the machinations of traitors in the garrison.



ROYAL PATENT INVALID CHAIR.

The situation of Lord Wellington was one of extreme difficulty, having a much superior force to contend with in front, and treason to guard against in the rear. He soon discovered, however, that the great mass of the Portuguese nation were true to their country, and sincerely determined to resist the invaders to the utmost of their ability. The dispatch of the 30th of September, which was published in a Gazette Extraordinary, states, that during the whole of the enemy's march from Celerico and Francoso upon Vizeu, the different divisions of militia and *ordenanza* (a sort of levy *en masse*) were employed upon their flanks and rear, and that they had cut off the communications between Massena's army and Almeida. On the 25th, some of the Portuguese light troops distinguished themselves very much against the light troops of the corps of the French general, Regnier; and on the 27th, the Portuguese army gained great honour in repelling, in conjunction with the British army, an attack made upon the allied forces at Busaco, by General Massena.

The circumstance which led to the memorable battle of Busaco, reflects as much honour on the judgment and military talents of Lord Wellington, as the bravery displayed upon that day by the British and Portuguese troops, does credit to their respective nations. We have no means of ascertaining precisely the force which Massena brought into the field for the invasion of Portugal, neither has the exact amount of Lord Wellington's army at the commencement of the campaign been stated. As far as an attentive perusal of such documents as have been published can enable us to form a judgment, it appears that, independent of the militia and levy *en masse*, men who were not in a state of discipline to be brought into the field against veterans, the regular army under Lord Wellington may be pretty correctly stated at about 50,000 fighting men. Of this number nearly one half were Portuguese troops, who had never before seen any real service or fought with an enemy. It was therefore impossible for Lord Wellington, or any other general, to calculate what was their real value as opposed to French troops. The value of the British part of the army was well known; that of the Portuguese was entirely unknown, and probably much underrated by the French. The army which Massena commanded was very far superior in number, and probably amounted to no less than eighty thousand fighting men.— Against so great a superiority it was impossible for Lord Wellington to contend in the open field, and he was therefore obliged to witness the fall of Ciudad Rodrigo and Almeida without risking a battle to relieve them. He had fairly calculated that the siege of Almeida would have detained the French army so long, that the rainy season would have prevented them from making any farther progress for many weeks, and that he would have had time to bring up all his reinforcements, and collect and concentrate the whole physical force of Portugal against its invaders. In this hope and reasonable calculation, he was grievously disappointed by the sudden and unexpected fall of that strong fortress. Massena was immediately enabled to advance into Portugal, and Lord

Wellington had no other chance of defending that country, than by taking up such strong positions as would in some degree balance the superiority of numbers which the enemy could bring against him. One of those positions was the ridge of mountainous country on which the convent of Busaco stands. On this position, the enemy, confident in their superiority of number, and perhaps despising the Portuguese troops, ventured to attack the allied army. Of five divisions of infantry with which the French attacked the heights of Busaco, only two were able to approach the top of the hill. These two were most gallantly charged with the bayonet by the divisions commanded by the British generals, Crawford and Picton, and defeated with great loss. Of the other three French divisions, it does not appear that any part advanced near enough to receive a charge, except a small body, which was charged and routed by a Portuguese battalion under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Maclean. The enemy were completely repulsed in their attack, leaving 2000 men dead upon the field, and General Simon, with three colonels, 33 officers, and 250 men prisoners. Lord Wellington states, that he is informed their loss in wounded is immense. The allied army lost upon this occasion, including officers, 197 killed and 1005 wounded. It will be seen, therefore, that the number of our wounded exceeds that of the killed by somewhat more than five to one. If we suppose the wounded in the French army to exceed their killed in the same proportion, the loss of the French on that day has been immense, and much greater than ever Bonaparte acknowledged himself to have suffered in any one of his battles. In this desperate engagement, the Portuguese bore their full share, and as Lord Wellington expresses it, "shewed that they are worthy of contending in the same ranks with British troops in this interesting cause, which they afford the best hopes of saving." Great praise is also due to Marshal Beresford and the British officers, who, in so short a time, converted their raw levies into disciplined armies.

Notwithstanding the enemy met so severe a repulse at Busaco, they by no means relinquished the idea of attempting the conquest of Portugal. In consequence of the Portuguese militia under Colonel Trant not having arrived in time at Sardos, Massena was enabled to turn round by that town into the high road from Oporto to Coimbra. Lord Wellington then quitted the position of Busaco, and retired to Coimbra, where he remained two days to remove the stores and allow the inhabitants time to depart. He then pursued the original plan for the defence of Portugal, by retreating (which was effected in the best possible order) to the strong fortified position of Torres Vedras, where the enemy would attack with every disadvantage. Lord Wellington is now much stronger than he was at Busaco, having been reinforced by the arrival of at least 5000 British troops, besides several Portuguese regiments. His troops have the highest confidence in their own tried valour and in the talents of their general; and at the time of preparing these observations for the press, there is but one opinion in England and in Portugal as to the

probable issue of the campaign. If Massena attacks Lord Wellington, he will probably meet a defeat still more signal than that at Busaco; and if he does not attack him, but ventures to continue in Portugal, his army will be surrounded, and obliged to surrender. An immense force of Portuguese militia and armed peasants is now harassing his rear, and threatening to cut off his retreat. On the 7th of October, Colonel Trant, at the head of some Portuguese militia, surprised the town of Coimbra, and took 5000 prisoners, among whom are many of those who were wounded at Busaco. Colonel Miller, with another body, is following still closer in the rear of Massena, whose situation, now that the rainy season is set in, appears most desperate. If he could get out of the country as Soult did last year, with the loss of a quarter of his army, and all his artillery and baggage, he might conceive himself fortunate. The present situation of affairs in Portugal opens a bright prospect of the final deliverance of the Spanish peninsula. The issue of the campaign will probably be detailed in our next number.

Since our last, news has been received, through the medium of the French papers, of an attack made upon Sicily, which failed. We will postpone any observation on this subject until we have Sir John Stuart's account of it. Intelligence has also been received of the capture of the island of Amboyna from the Dutch, and of an expedition preparing on a large scale for the attack either of Batavia or the Isle of France. We hope soon to hear that our enemies are as completely excluded from the colonial world, as they would wish to exclude us from the Continent.

In Spain the Cortes have been assembled with great pomp, and have begun their labours. They declare that the national sovereignty is vested in them, and the regents (or whatever persons they confide the executive power to) must be responsible to them. As to their policy, they have shewn themselves friendly to the liberty of the press, and anxious to conciliate those provinces in America that declared themselves independent. The brave General O'Donnel has lately, by a successful enterprise, taken about 1500 prisoners. Blake is at the head of a respectable army in a strong position on the borders of Valencia and Murcia; and Romana has been enabled, by the retreat of Mortier, to advance towards the Tagus, to prevent the retreat of Massena in that direction.

The general aspect of affairs is now favourable, and we look with great hope to the events of the next month.

MEDICAL REPORT.

An account of the diseases which have occurred in the reporter's own practice, from the 15th of September to the 15th of October, 1810.

Acute diseases.—Scarlet fever and sore throat, 4....Inflammatory sore throat, 3.... Malignant ulcerated sore throat, 1....Fever, 4....Catarrh, 8....Pleurisy, 1....Acute

rheumatism, 4....Enteritis, 1....Erysipelas, 2....Measles, 2...Acute hydrocephalus,1... Choleric, 2....Acute diseases of infants, 8.

Chronic diseases.—Asthenia, 12....Palsy, 3....Epilepsy, 1....Syncope, 1....Cephalalgia, 8....Vertigo, 3....Palpitatis, 2 ....Lumbago, 7 .... Sciatica, 2 .... Chronic rheumatism, 8....Pleurodyne, 3....Asthma, 3....Cough and dyspnœa, 13....Pulmonary consumption, 3....Hœmoptoe, 3....Angina pectoris, 1....Marasmus, 3....Dyspepsia, 5....Diarrhœa, 8....Dysentery, 6 ....Constipatis, 2....Colic, 1....Gastrodynia, 4....Enterodynia, 3....Hœmatemesis, 2.... Dropsy, 3....Dysure, 3....Jaundice, 2....Bilious vomiting, 2....Worms, 3....Cutaneous diseases, 5....Female complaints, 10.

The number of acute diseases has increased since our last report; of these, inflammatory affections of the throat, and scarlet fever, have been the most urgent and prevailing. The reporter has seldom witnessed a fatal termination of scarlatina, but one of the cases in the present list, a young woman, died soon after he was called in; and some other fatal instances have occurred in the neighbourhood of London.

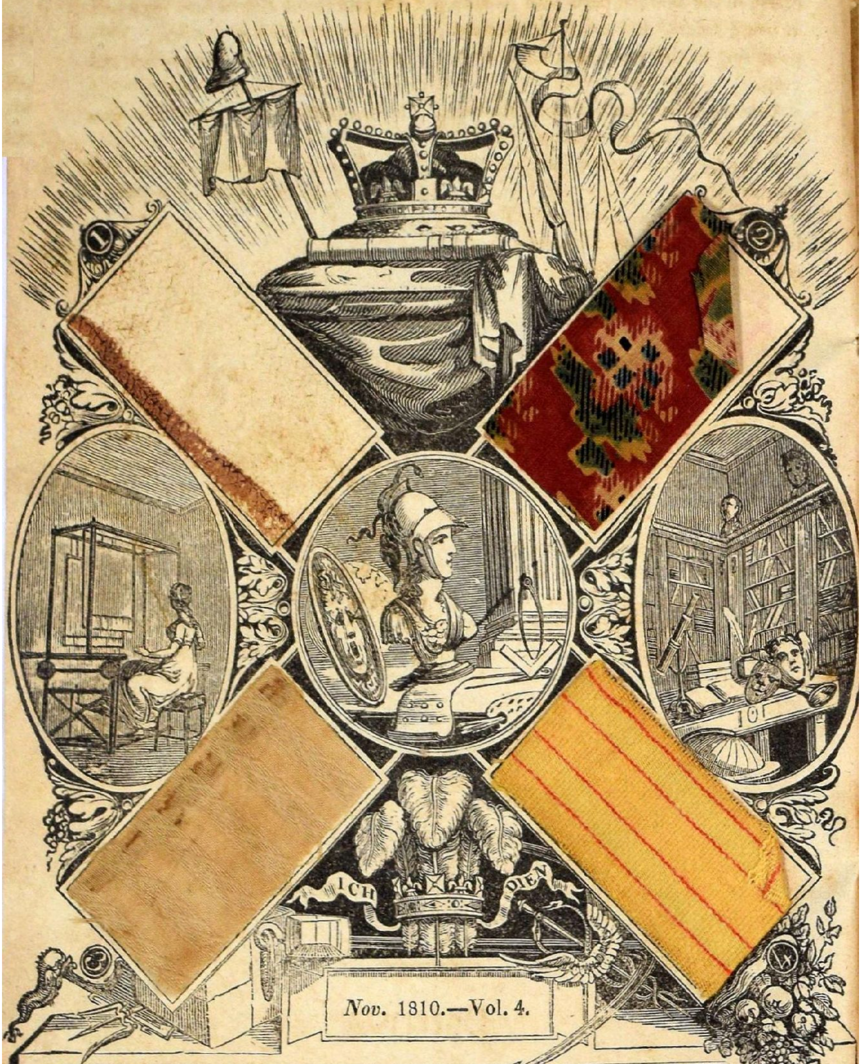
Of the cases of fever, one assumed the typhoid character in the commencement, but was speedily relieved by early and often repeated purgatives. When these are boldly administered in the first stage of fever, it is frequently at once cut short; or if we fail in this, the symptoms are rendered much milder, and their duration diminished. By loading the stomach with barks, and plying the patient with constant and copious draughts of wine, as was formerly, and still is with many, the unvarying practice in cases of typhus fever, the febrile action is supported, the heat of the body increased, and the delirium rendered more violent. Yet many instances may occur in which such a stimulating practice alone would save the patient. No general sweeping rule can be laid down in medicine; the constitution of one individual varies from that of another, and the same complaint will very differently affect them. In the latter stages of fever, when vitality is nearly exhausted, when the patient, indifferent to every thing around, fixes his glassy eye-balls on vacancy, feebly picks at imaginary straws, and mutters, incoherently, half-formed, unmeaning sentences; a judicious application of stimulants will sometimes rescue him from the dissolution which seemed speedy and inevitable. Astonished and delighted at the success of this practice, the friends of the patient, and perhaps the apothecary, recommend it in the next case of fever which they meet with; when, strange to relate, the effects of it prove altogether pernicious; because the condition of the patient, at that period of the disease, would not admit of such a remedy. Hence the havoc made by quacks of all descriptions; the remedy is applied without discrimination at every period of the complaint, when the patient indeed may have three chances for his life: one, when the medicine happens to be suitable to the complaint, and duly applied, which is very rare; secondly, when by some fortunate accident it is *harmless*, as in a celebrated yellow-fever nostrum; and, thirdly, when the strength of the patient overcomes the disease, the nurse, and the doctors.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

The continued dry weather through the early part of last month has enabled the farmer to secure the latter harvest in a state of perfection almost unprecedented in any former year, and the late rains have fallen very favourably for the wheat sowing.

The new wheats are of fine quality, and rise very productive from the flail.

Barley is a stout, full corn, but rather



The Repository

Of Arts, Literature, Commerce, Manufactures, Fashion, and Politics.

Manufacturers, Factors, and Wholesale Dealers in Fancy Goods that come within the scope of this Plan, are requested to send Patterns of such new Articles as they come out, and if the requisites of Novelty, Fashion, and Elegance are united, the quantity necessary for this Magazine will be ordered. *R. Ackermann*, 101, *Strand*, *London*.

coarse in the skin; it parts with its horn or beard freely, and is very productive, promising to rise more than an average crop.

Oats are of fine quality, and yield well to the flail per acre a full crop.

Beans are of the finest quality and very productive.

Peas and vetches are remarkably free from the maggot, so destructive in dry seasons.

The lattermath clovers have been well harvested, and are a large crop.

Potatoes and carrots a large crop, and rise free from the worm or rand.

Hops a partial crop, but of fine quality.

Turnips and the brassicas do not look so promising as they did in the preceding month.

ALLEGORICAL WOOD-CUT, WITH PATTERNS OF BRITISH MANUFACTURE.

No. 1. A Spanish embroidered net; a light and elegant article for evening or full dress. It is extended over a white satin slip; short sleeves and plain bosom; the several terminations finished with hollow bindings of velvet, the colour of the sprig. Diamonds, pearl, the satin bead, or mother-of-pearl ornaments, are the only jewellery which can be consistently worn with robes of this material. It is sold by Messrs. Waithman and Everington, 104, Fleet-street.

No. 2. Indian shawl print of much unique elegance, and likely to become (from its seasonable utility) an article of high repute during the winter, for the domestic or walking gown. Trimmings of spotted ermine, or black velvet, will have a very good effect on robes of this material, with college caps of the same. It is to be purchased at Messrs. F. and J. Smith's, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden.

No. 3. A Brazilian striped muslinet for morning wraps, jackets, frocks, and high gowns. Robes of this article should either be constructed in a plain or simple style, or trimmed with lace; as needle-work will lose its effect, however tastefully introduced. It is sold also at F. and J. Smith's, as above.

No. 4. A Spanish striped toilonet for gentlemen's waistcoats, of appropriate and seasonable shades. This article speaks for itself in point of utility and comfort, and renders unnecessary all further remark. It is sold by Smith and Co. corner of Prince's-street, Coventry-street.

Poetry.

CONTENT.

A CAPRICCIO.

Bellator, Agricola, Domesticus, Peregrinator.

BELLATOR.

No more the shining spear demands
The nervous grasp of warrior hands;
No more along the well-fought field
Sings the sharp dart, or sounds the shield;
No longer shall the shrill alarms
Of trumpet echo wake to arms,
And clanging din of martial strife
Rouse the best energies of life.
Peace o'er the world her pinion spreads;
She tears the wreath from victor heads.—
Ah! Mercy! spare my laurel crown—
These limbs befit no beds of down;

This good right hand's unerring blow
Hath dash'd destruction on the foe;
Its force now destin'd to refrain,
Till armies marshal on the plain:
Then when proud banners flout the sky,
I'll forth to conquer or to die,
Spurn at the hours thus idly spent,
And seeking battle, find *Content.*

AGRICOLA.

My lands are waste, my fields bedew'd
With crimson stream of deadly feud.
War, ruthless war, hath stain'd the soil,
And marr'd the harvest of my toil.
In fever'd sleep methinks I seem
To view some warrior in my dream,
With couching spear prepar'd to dart,
And spill the life-blood from my heart.
Ah! how can gen'rous bosoms glow,
E'en with destruction of a foe!
And why should man, for causeless strife,
Thus meanly deem of human life?
Grant Heav'n that war and havoc cease,
And sweet *Content* return with peace;
Content, that with a fairy smile,
Now greets the shore of Albion's isle.

PEREGRINATOR.

Content is no where to be found
On any spot of British ground:
To me no joy your country yields,
Insipid groves and quiet fields;
In lazy murmur flows the rill;
With listless note your songsters trill.
Forbid that I were doom'd to roam
Amid these common haunts of home;
Since Providence most wisely meant,
That change of place should give Content.
For bolder scenes my spirit calls,
And welcomes Niagara's falls.
Nor even there would deign to stop,
But soars to Chimborazzo's top.

DOMESTICUS.

To foreign isles my course I bent,
And plough'd the seas to gain Content;
But foreign isles afford not ease,
Nor is Contentment on the seas.
Her forward course the vessel press'd,
A dreary void my soul confess'd:
Nor can he hope Content to taste,
Who ventures on the wat'ry waste.
With aching sight and outstretch'd hand,
From deck I view'd the less'ning strand;
Nor knew I if, perchance, once more,
These feet might tread my native shore.
Hail, bless'd abode, bright Albion's isle,
Where health, and peace, and virtue smile!
To thee restor'd, I'll cease to roam,
Since true Content is found at home.

TO CHARITY.

Oh! thou whose eye of smiling love
Outshines the cheerful eye of day,
Whose bosom no rude tempests move,
Whose form no pencil can pourtray;
So bright thine eye, thy form so fair,
Beauty herself seems station'd there.

Hail, Charity! meek tender maid,
Adorn'd with Virtue's modest crown;
And wont, in simplest garb array'd,
To beam with lustre all thine own;—
Still let thy breast with rapture glow,
But spare a sigh for human woe.

Softer thy breath than gales that play,
Where summer flowers their odours fling;
Nor is so sweet the breath of May,
With all the choir of tuneful spring:
The smile that on thy cheek is seen,
Bespeaks a paradise within.

Oh! still thy fostering wing outspread!
Distress near thee shall shelter find—
And like yon sun, thine influence shed
Through the vast race of human kind:
And let thine open hand impart
Rich emblems of a gen'rous heart.

And not so warm in Mithra's praise,
The Persian, crown'd with conquest, glows,
When call'd the choral song to raise,
For sabres sheath'd, and vanquish'd foes;
As nations, kindling with thy ray,
Shall upward spring to new-born day.

Then shall the fury-passions sleep,
And conquest quench her thirsty sword;
Nor captive fair in silence weep,
Nor laurels grace her tyrant-lord:
No face shall wear the form of woe!
The only wreath the olive bough!

EPIGRAM

ON PARTY SCRIBBLERS.

Now all "the wordy war" alarms,
When doughty champions fly to arms,
Supplied by Billingsgate.
At Wellington or Bonaparte
By turns they fling the pigmy dart,
As urg'd by party hate.

So at a bull-bait, in the ring
To seize the foe the mastiffs spring,
Set on by men and boys.
The gen'rous dogs in *silence* fight,
Whilst loud, but yelping out of sight,
The *curs* make all the noise.

E. W.

Lines written on a Watch-Paper

PRESENTED TO A LADY.

How blest is she who moves like this machine,
Not press'd by passion, nor delay'd by spleen;
Of wishes equal, and of temper such,
She never speaks too little nor too much;
A friend to Nature's regulating sway,
At Virtue's shrine still dedicates each day:
While temp'rate joys, succeeding, as they ought,
The laws of motion and the force of thought,
Give health to youth, sweetness to latter years,
Soothing our passage thro' this vale of tears;
Till, gently gliding from a world of strife,
The soul, immortal, tastes eternal life.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES AND DIVIDENDS.

BANKRUPTS.

BAKER R. R. Nottingham, innholder (Barber, Fetter lane

Barlow T. Westmorland Place, brewer (Hurd, Temple

Barratt W. East Retford, Notts, grocer (Allen, Carlisle street, Soho

Bartolozzi G. Well street, St. Mary le bone, printseller (Dawson and Wrattislaw, Warwick street, Golden square

Bates J. H. Rotherhithe, tailor (Harley, Bridge street, Blackfriars

Bayley C. Bath, pastry-cook (Highmore, Bush lane

Bennett W. Piccadilly, linen-draper (Tilson, Chatham place, Blackfriars

Berry S. Buckfast Abbey, Devon, woollen-manufacturer (Williams & Darke, Prince's st.

Bethell J. F. Hackney, baker (Kenrick, Hatfield street, Christ church, Surry

Blundell R. Liverpool, victualler (Blackstock, Temple

Brook J. Huddersfield, stationer (Battye, Chancery lane

Brooksbank, W. Churrill, York, shopkeeper (Crosley, Holborn court, Gray's Inn

Browne J. H. Camberwell, merchant (Swain, Stevens, and Maples, Old Jewry

Bullocke C. Cockspur street, coffee-house-keeper (Vizard and Hutchinson, New square,

Burgess T. Tildesley Banks, Lancaster, cotton-spinner (Ellis, Chancery lane

Butler E. Deptford, common brewer (Langham, Bartlett's buildings

Carr J. North Shields, grocer (Fairless, Staple's Inn

Chatham H. Fetter lane, hatter (Berridge, Hatton garden

Chiffence T. Batcomb, Somerset, miller (Warry, New Inn

Clements R. Norwich, appraiser (Windus and Co. Chancery lane

Cock A. and D. Marshal street, St. James's, army clothiers (Parker, Temple

Cottle R. Manchester, merchant (Sykes and Knowles, New Inn

Cox J. Kennington, painter (Truwhitt, Lyon's Inn

Coxon G. Church street, Christ church, Surry, millwright (Lane, Laurence Pountney Hill

Crickmore T. Skinner street, pewterer (Warne, Old Bond street

Crow J. Dean street, Westminster, carpenter Popkin, Dean street, Soho

Cutting W. Bacton, Suffolk, butcher (Bignold, jun. Norwich

Dickson J. Liverpool, merchant (Blakelock and Makinson, Temple

Elkins C. J. and V. May, Liverpool, patent silk-hat-manufacturers (Windle, John street, Bedford row

Evans J. Bolton le Moors, Lancaster, cotton-manufacturer (Mangnall, Warwick sq.

Everett F. Woolley, Wilts, clothier (Sandys, Horton, and Pearke, Crane court, Fleet street

Fosberry W. and E. Ingleby, Liverpool, merchants (Windle, John street, Bedford row

Francis J. Cambridge, corn-factor (Ney and Pope, Mincing lane

Garner T. Dudley, Worcester, grocer (Anstice and Cox, Temple

Gill J. Upper Mary le bone street, leather-cutter (Jeyes, Charlotte street, Fitzroy sq.

Glover M. and E. Kidderminster, milliners (Bigg, Hatton garden

Gluyas W. and O. Marazion, Cornwall, dealers (Price and Brown, Lincoln's Inn

Gough J. Maiden lane, Covent garden, victualler (Tilson, Chatham place

Græme W. T. and W. Metcalfe, Austin Friars, merchants (Fairlie and Francis, Lincoln's Inn

Hall R. Swansea, dealer (Bousfield, Bouverie street

Hamilton R. Old Broad street, underwriter

(Dennetts and Greaves, King's Arms yard, Coleman street

Haywood J. Wood street, Cheapside, woollen draper (Smith, Dorset street, Salisbury square

Heath R. jun. London road, Southwark, coach-maker (Smith, Dorset street

Henderson J. Lambeth, silk and calico-printer (Healing, Laurence lane, Cheapside

Hewlett T. Southborough, Kent, gunpowder manufacturer (Warry, Norfolk street, Strand

Hill P Shoe lane, dealer in spirits (Chapman and Stevens, St. Mildred's court, Poultry

Hills T. Abbey Mills, West Ham, miller (Matthews and Randall, Castle street, Holborn

Hobson J. Stockport, Chester, cotton-spinner (Milne and Parry, Temple

Hollingdale W. Riverhead, Kent, linen-draper (Ware, Blackman street, Southwark

Hordern A. St. John's street, potter (Chippendale, Great Queen street

Hudson H. Newgate street, tavern-keeper (Sherwood, Canterbury square, Southwark

Hughes T. and C. Sevecke, Bishopsgate street, drapers (Willis, Fairthorne, and Clarke, Warnford court

Hutchinson W. Smith's Buildings, Leadenhall street, wine-merchant (Sherwood, Cushion court, Broad street

Ingham J. and D. Fox, Bradford, York, calico-manufacturers (Evans, Hatton garden

Jackson F. jun. Great Driffield, York, druggist (Exley, Stocker, and Dawson, Furnival's Inn

Jarrett G. Piccadilly, hatter (Rhodes, Cook, and Handley, St. James's Walk, Clerkenwell

Jewell J. Angel street, tailor (Young, Vine street

Johnson R. Liverpool, merchant (Greaves and Brome, Liverpool

Johnson J. and A. Friar street, Blackfriars road, melters (Silver, Aldersgate street

Jones E. Doddinghurst, Essex, victualler (Harvey, Cursitor street

Jones D. W. C. Hansard place, Blackfriars road, gauze-dresser (Gregson and Dixon, Angel court

Joseph A. and G. Shepherd, Frome Selwood, Somerset, clothiers (Ellis, Hatton garden

Jukes J. B. Hull, merchant (Rosser and Son, Bartlett's buildings

Kay J. Tharples, Lancaster, innkeeper (Butterfield, Coppice row, Clerkenwell

Kellard R. Sandford, Devon, tanner (Williams and Darke, Prince's street, Bedford row

Kennett R. Cheapside, hatter (Harrison, Old City Chambers, Bishopsgate street

Kennett R. and O. Punchon, Cheapside, hatters (Birkett, Broad court, Walbrook

Knight J. B. Fore street, cheesemonger (Taylor, Fore street

Knowles T. Leeds, York, ironmonger (Blagrave and Walter, Symond's Inn

Lazarus J. and G. A. Cohen, East India Chambers, Leadenhall street, merchants (Annesley and Bennett, Angel court

Leeming T. Salford, Lancaster, timber-merchant (Ellis, Chancery lane

Lewis T. Cushion court, Broad street, wholesale ironmonger (Mason and Rogers, Foster lane

Loat W. Little Ormond street, plasterer (Turner and Pike, Bloomsbury square

Longmore S. Bristol, linen-draper (Bayley, Bristol

Loud T. Devonshire street, Queen square, piano-forte maker (Collins and Waller, Spital square

Mac Alpin J. Bristol, merchant (Tarrant, Chancery lane

Marsh C. Wolverhampton, grocer (Thomas, Staple's Inn

Martin T. Overton, Flint, dealer (Kinderley and Co Gray's Inn

Mason P. Bristol, boot and shoe-maker (Sweet and Stokes, Temple

M'Leod T. H. Tokenhouse yard, merchant (Palmer, Tomlinson, and Thomson, Copthall court

M'Nair A. Abchurch lane, merchant (Palmer, Tomlinson, and Thomson, Copthall court

Moore W. West Smithfield, oilman (Sweet and Stokes, Temple

Morland J. Deptford, coal-dealer (Metcalf, Basinghall street

Munt J. and T. Adams, Leadenhall street, hat-makers (Rivington, Fenchurch buildings

Neave T. and M. Bickton, Hants, millers (Peard, Ely Place

Nicholls W. Piccadilly, linen-draper (Wilks, Hoxton square

Nisbett S. Hackney, exchange-broker (Popkin, Dean street, Soho

Norburn W. High Holborn, linen-draper (Warn, Old Broad street

Nutt W. Leicester, grocer (Wilson, Temple

Nutter H. and J. and T. Wake, Huddersfield, York, merchants (Willis, Fairthorne, and Clarke, Warnford court

O'Donoghue B. Widcombe, Somerset, wine-merchant (Smith, Bristol

Packham W. Appledore, Kent, victualler (Barnes, Clifford's Inn

Papillon P. F. Bermondsey, calico-printer (Pullen, Fore street

Parkin T. Broad street, merchant (Palmer, Tomlinson, and Thomson, Copthall Court

Pearce W. Liverpool, liquor-merchant (Massey and Cartwright, Liverpool

Pierce T. and W. A. Chapmanslade, Wilts, clothiers (Nethersole and Portal, Essex street, Strand

Pickering T. More street, Westminster, victualler (Fletcher, Hyde street, Bloomsbury

Price J. and T. Bristol, wine-merchants (Sweet and Stokes, Temple

Pywell J. Oxford, horse-dealer (Pugh, Bernard street, Russell square

Reynoldson T. Manchester, cotton-merchant (Ellis, Chancery lane

Robertson W. Great St. Helen's, Bishopsgate street, merchant (Palmer, Tomlinson, and Thomson, Copthall court

Robilliard N. Weymouth, merchant (Alexander, New square, Lincoln's Inn

Rogers J. sen. and jun. Fort place, Bermondsey, builders (Wasbrough, Copthall court

Rowton W. and T. Morhall, Chester, bankers (Kibblewhite, Rowland, and Robinson, Gray's Inn place

Russell E. York street, Southwark, merchant (Bishop, Holborn court, Gray's Inn

Salmonson A. Wellclose square, merchant (Harris and Son, Castle street, Houndsditch

Savage D. Coaley, Glocester, pig-dealer (Chilton, Lincoln's Inn

Schaar C. Prince's street, Cavendish square, tailor (Lane, Laurence Pountney hill

Senior J. Alverthorpe, York, clothier (Sykes and Knowles, New Inn

Shaw R. Stoke upon Trent, Stafford, merchant (Price and Williams, Lincoln's Inn

Shepards G. Cannon Street road, St. George's in the East, oilman (Wilde, Castle street, Falcon square

Sidford J. Calne, Wilts, auctioneer (Froud and Co. Serle street, Lincoln's Inn

Smith M. Charlton, Kent, rope-maker (Mangnell, Warwick square

Smith J. Manningham, York, cotton-merchant [Evans, Hatton garden

Spicer J. Folkstone, mariner [Rippon, London road, Southwark

Stevens C. Billericay, Essex, baker and sadler [Cutting, Bartlett's buildings

Stork J. High Holborn, dealer in flour [Fitzgerald, Lemon street, Goodman's Fields

Suter G. Broad street, Bloomsbury, victualler [Aldridge and Smith, Lincoln's Inn

Swan G. Newcastle upon Tyne, grocer [Bell and Brodrick, Bow lane

Swann W. Shiffnall, Salop, breeches-maker [Griffith, James street, Bedford row

Sykes J. Queen street, Cheapside, sugar-factor [Bovill, Bridge street, Blackfriars

Taylor C. Bristol, silversmith [Vizard and Hutchinson, Lincoln's Inn

Teideman W. sen. and jun. Portsmouth, tavern-keepers [Skelton, Sessions' House

Thacker J. Bury St. Edmund's, brandy-merchant [Haynes, Fenchurch street

Thibault F. Great Mary le bone street, working jeweller [Henson, Dorset street, Salisbury square

Thomas T. Charter House square, jeweller [Jones and Roche, Covent Garden Churchyard

Thomas J. Horsham, brandy-merchant [Reardon and Davis, Corbett court, Gracechurch street

Thomas J. Llanrynmair, Montgomery, flannel-manufacturer [Bigg, Hatton garden

Tosley R. Hampton Wick, maltster [Holmes, Great James street, Covent garden

Tugwell T. Horsham, tanner [Osbaldeston, Little Tower street

Turner R. Hull, grocer [Martin, Hull

Vaux J. Cushion court, Broad street, broker [Barrows and Vincent, Basinghall street

Wales C. H. Vigo lane, Piccadilly, printer [Anstice and Cox, Temple

Ward R. Old street, victualler [Wilde, Castle street, Falcon square

Whitebrook W. Crutched Friars, wine-merchant [Sheppard, Dean street, Southwark

Wilson J. Ossett, York, clothier [Clarkson, Essex street, Strand

Wright J. sen. Great Russell street, upholsterer [Patten, Cross street, Hatton garden

Wylie H. Mitre court, Aldgate, merchant [Blunt and Bowman, Old Bethlem

DIVIDENDS.

Alcocks J. Nettlebed, Oxford, victualler, Oct. 16—Anderson J. Stockport, Chester, draper, Oct 30—Apthorp, Bridge-street, Blackfriars, merchant, Nov. 24—Armstrong G. High-street, Southwark, linen-draper, Nov. 10—Arton J. Great Driffield, York, grocer, Oct. 16—Ascough G. Gervaux, York, woolstapler, Nov. 10—Austen T. Chester, coach-proprietor, Oct. 23—Baker G. City-road, coach-maker, Nov. 5—Ball J. B. jun. Kensington, coach-master, Nov. 10—Barns J. Truro, Cornwall, mercer, Nov. 20—Baster J. Strand, tailor, Oct. 27—Batie A Newcastle upon Tyne, grocer, Oct. 15—Beesley F. and T. Owen, Rood lane, wine and brandy merchants, Nov. 5—Bennett T. Liverpool, merchant, Oct. 27—Berridge W. Maiden lane, Wood-street, hosier, Nov. 3—Berry J. Manchester, calico-printer, Oct. 13—Bignell W. Great St. Helen's, broker, Nov. 3—Blackburn W. Leeds, York, woolstapler, Nov 14—Bonner F. H. Fleet-street, stationer, Nov. 3—Boulton G. Charing-cross, coach-proprietor, Nov. 10—Brewer T. Baldwin's gardens, Gray's Inn lane, tin-plate worker, Nov. 10—Broadfield F. H. Stourport, Worcester, boat-builder, Nov. 13—Brown J. Little Eastcheap, cheesemonger, Nov. 3—Brown S. Bloxwich, Stafford, rope-maker, Oct. 30—Brown S. and W. Tildesley, Bloxwich, Stafford, rope-makers, Oct. 30—Browne J. and J. Powell, Liverpool, merchants, Nov. 12—Bryson D. New Road, St. Pancras, statuary, Nov. 10—Burge J. Castle Cary, Somerset, stocking-maker, Oct. 29—Castell S. and W. Powell, Lombard street, bankers, Nov. 24—Chapman W. Beverley, York, linen-draper, Nov. 12—Chinery F. Oxford-street, linen-draper, Oct. 30—Christian W. Liverpool, attorney, Oct. 17—Clancy W. St. Mary Axe, merchant, Nov. 3—Coleman J. Liverpool, biscuit-baker, Oct. 18—Collins L. Half-Moon-street, milliner, Nov. 5—Coulthard J. Bucklersbury, warehouseman, Nov. 21—Cox J. and J. Smith, Manchester, auctioneers, Nov. 6—Crean E. Margaret street, Cavendish square, carpenter, Nov. 3—Curtis R. Worcester, linen-draper, Nov. 13—Davey J. East Anstey, Devon, yeoman, Nov. 1—Davidson J. East India Chambers, Leadenhall-street, merchant, Nov. 3—Davis T. Haverfordwest, mercer, Nov. 15—Devenish A. and H. Newport, Villiers-street, Strand, upholsterers, Oct. 12—Dinsdale J. Hull, dealer, Oct. 30—Dodd J. Pall-Mall, hatter, Nov. 10—Duckworth T. Parbold, Lancashire, victualler, Oct. 15—Duffield G. Bermondsey, hearth-rug manufacturer, Nov. 3—Elderton H. Bristol, money-scrivener, Nov 17—Elliott T. Bedford-street, Covent Garden, tailor, Oct. 3—Elsden J. Newmarket, carpenter, Oct. 31—Emmett H. J. and J. Gerrard-street, tailors, Nov. 15—Eustace W. Little Carter-lane, Doctors' Commons, cabinet-maker, Nov. 10—Forster R. High-street, Bloomsbury, cheesemonger, Nov. 3—Foster R. Kingsland road, silkman,

Nov. 3—Free W. H. Broad-street, Horsley-down, merchant, Nov. 24—German J. Aldermanbury, hosier, Nov. 3—Gibson J. Liverpool, tailor, Nov. 9—Good T Hull, shoemaker, Oct. 26—Hale H. and H. H Birchin-lane, oilmen, Oct. 27—Hall T. Berwick on Tweed, merchant, Nov. 6—Hanson T. Battle, Sussex, innkeeper, Nov 10—Hanson J. Hurst Green, and T. Hanson, Battle, innkeepers, Nov. 10—Hart G. Woodbridge, Suffolk, brewer, Nov. 2—Hey T. Lombard street and Fleet-street, dealer in spirituous liquors, Nov. 3—Hinde J. Bucklersbury, wholesale grocer, Oct. 23—Holloway J. P. St. Swithin's lane, wine-merchant, Nov. 10—Holton R. Wooburn, Bucks, maltster, Oct. 27—Hoad W. Fareham, Hants, contractor for cattle, Nov. 3—Howell W. Neath, Glamorgan, shopkeeper, Oct. 23—Howell P. London-road, Surry, haberdasher, Nov. 10—Hughes H. Worcester, hatter, Oct. 30—Hunt R. Nottingham, mercer, Oct. 17—Hutchinson J. H. Poland street, victualler, Nov. 13—Ivory J. Mark lane, broker, Oct 27—Jackes W. Guilford-street, Blackfriars road, corn-dealer, Nov. 13—Jarvis J. Bath, victualler, Nov. 5—Jefferys N. Pall-Mall, jeweller, Nov. 6—Jones W. Woolwich, tailor, Nov. 1—Kerry J. Little Newport-street, haberdasher, Oct. 23—Klugh G. Coventry-street, tailor, Nov. 10—Knight E. Horsley Down lane, lighterman, Oct. 27—Lance C. Grosvenor place, baker, Oct. 23—Lincker J. Liverpool, woollen-draper, Nov. 10—Lindill W. Leeds, York, spirit-merchant, Nov 10—Lines J. Upper Queen street, Rotherhithe, smith, Nov. 13—Lloyd S. Paddington, grocer, Oct. 30—Lucas N. and C. Berks, Pancras lane, merchants, Nov. 10—Macleod W. Upper Crown street, Westminster, army-agent, Nov. 10—Marsh R. Rayleigh, Essex, linen-draper, Dec. 1—Mathias J. Brighton, slater, Nov. 10—Matthews J. Hertford, mealman, Oct. 27—M'Dowall W. Tottenham court, St. Pancras, linen-draper, Oct. 23—Mitchell W. Turnwheel lane, sugar-factor, Nov 13—Moss J. jun. Newbury, Berks, timber-dealer, Oct. 24—Murray T. Paternoster row, Spital fields, boot and shoe-manufacturer, Oct. 27—Newcombe J. Exeter, victualler, Nov. 9—Newman R. Dartmouth, Devon, ship builder, Oct. 26—Newnum J. Bishopsgate st. without, linen-draper, Nov. 13—Oldham J. Melton, Suffolk, grocer, Nov 2—Parke W. Liverpool, spirit-merchant, Oct. 24—Parker M. Ripon, shopkeeper, Nov. 1—Parker G. Chenies street, Oxford road, British wine-maker, Nov. 17—Parnell R. Newent, Glocester, tanner, Nov 1—Parr R. Watling street, wholesale haberdasher, Nov. 10—Payler T. Greenwich, merchant, Nov. 10—Payne J. West square, Southwark, army-contractor, Nov. 5—Pearce W. Dover, cordwainer, Nov. 13—Pears S. Bread street, warehouseman, J. Watson, sen. and jun. and J. Watson, Preston, Lancaster, cotton-manufacturers, Nov. 13—Penn J. Leather lane, oil and colour-man, Nov. 17—Perkins A. Stampford, Lincoln, grocer, Oct 23—Perkins J. Queen street, Cheapside, stationer, Nov. 5—Petrie J. Kempton, and J. Ward, Hanworth, Middlesex, dealers, Nov. 3—Phillips T. Plough court, Lombard-street, merchant, Oct 5—Popplewell J. and J. Jepson, Lawrence Pountney lane, brokers, Nov. 17—Potts L. Bristol, cutler, Oct. 26—Prime J. and J. Smith, Birmingham, dealers in lace, and Snow Hill, London, hosiers, Oct. 27—Pugh G. and J. Davis, Old Fish street, chemists, Nov 10—Pyrke D. Bishopsgate street, hatter, Nov. 10—Railey T. and J. Hunt, Hull, brewers, Oct. 16—Read R. Caroline Mews, Bedford square, stable keeper, Oct 23—Richardson A St. Dunstan's hill, Tower street, victualler, Nov. 13—Rickman W. Northampton, linen-draper, Nov. 10—Rooke T. Bengo, Herts, farmer, Nov. 6—Roper R. Houndsditch, timber-merchant, Nov. 10—Rose T. D. Marlborough, tallow-chandler, Oct. 25—Rothery T. Leeds, York, woolstapler, Nov. 14—Sayer J. Upper North place, Gray's Inn lane, coach and harness-maker, Oct. 30—Scott J. Strand, bookseller, Dec 1—Seager S. P. Maidstone, dealer, Nov. 10—Sellers R. Sculcoates, York, grocer, Nov. 6—Shafe J. Shoe lane, copper-plate maker, Oct. 23—Shevill W. Bury-st. Wapping, dealer, Nov. 13—Shillibeer H. B. Plymouth, dock auctioneer, Oct. 24—Silverlock H. Havant, Hants, linen-draper, Oct. 8—Simmons B. Newcastle street, Strand, shoe maker, Nov. 13—Skelton J. B. Size lane, merchant, Oct. 23—Skinner D. Newington Causeway, cabinet-maker, Nov. 3—Soanes R. Mark lane and Deptford, provision-merchant, Nov. 10—Spencer J. High street, Mile End, victualler, Nov 10—Sprague G. Topsham, Devon, rope-maker, Nov. 10—Spring R. Caister, Lincoln, mercer, Nov. 5—Stanford E. Castle-street, Leicester fields, livery-stable keeper, Nov. 3—Steedman G. and J. M'Lean, Lamb street, potatoe-merchants, Oct. 23—Steevenson T. Snow's Fields, Bermondsey, woolstapler, Oct. 23—Stemson S. Axbridge, Somerset, baker, Nov. 1—Storey J. and B. St. Margaret's Hill, Southwark, linen-drapers, Nov. 6—Sweeting J. Old Bond street, tailor, Oct. 23—Symonds J. Ramsden, Oxford, horse-dealer, Oct. 16—Taylor M. J. Latham, and E. Belcher, Liverpool, merchants, Nov. 13—Trafford J. Froddingham, Lincoln, beast-jobber, November 6—Trier R. G. Parson's Green, Fulham, baker, Oct. 30—Troutbeck W. H. Minories, victualler, Nov. 3—Turner P. Market Raisin, Lincoln, grocer, Nov 13—Tutin R. Chandos street, Covent-garden, cheesemonger, Oct. 20—Valentine R. and J. Mumford's court, Milk street, warehousemen, Oct. 27—Wake W. Spital square, silk-weaver, Oct. 30—Wallis J. Fleet street, engraver, Nov 3—Ward J. Bermondsey, brewer, Nov. 3—Wardman T. Horton, York, calico-manufacturer, Oct. 24—Waters B. Finch lane, Cornhill, broker, Nov. 10—Weale P. Kington, Hereford, tailor, Nov. 5—Weightman T. Newgate street, mercer, Nov. 17—Weightman W. Birmingham, mercer, Nov. 10—Wells T. and G. O. Tuke, Bankside, Surry, timber-merchants, Nov. 5—Wilcocks T. Exeter, tallow-chandler, Nov 1—Williams W. Lad lane, victualler, Oct. 27—Wood T. Sheffield, merchant, Oct. 21—Wright C. Aldgate, tobacconist, Nov. 3—Young G and G. Glennie, Budge row, merchants, Nov. 13

LONDON MARKETS.

Return of Wheat from Oct. 1 to 6.

TOTAL, 12,959 quarters.—Average, 89s. 4d. per quarter, or 0s. 2d. per quarter higher than last return.

Return of Flour from Oct. 6 to 12.

TOTAL, 13,866 sacks.—Average, 89s 6¾d per sack, or 0s. ¼d. per sack lower than last return.

Average of England and Wales, Oct. 13.

	s	d		s	d		s	d
Wheat	102	10	Barley	47	3	Beans	53	10
Rye -	55	5	Oats -	29	4	Pease	51	10

CORN, SEEDS, &c.

	s.	s.	s.		s.	s.	s.
Wheat, white per quarter	68	80	100	Tares, per bushel -	5	6	7
—— red - -	69	74	94	Turnip - -	28	32	34
—— foreign	60	70	80	Mustard, brown -	14	16	17
Barley, English	34	40	50	—— white	10	11	12
Malt - - -	56	65	78	Canary, per qr.	89	80	9
Oats, Feed -	25	28	31	Hempseed -	46	50	54
—— Friezland	26	31	35	Linseed - -	76	85	95
—— Poland	25	32	37	Clover, red, per cwt	50	75	9
—— Potatoe	33	36	40	—— white	52	68	80
—— Foreign	—	—	—	—— foreign, red	55	80	95
Beans, Pigeon	52	56	60	—— white	54	72	85
—— Horse -	42	47	51	Trefoil - -	20	35	40
Pease, Boiling	40	50	56	Carraway -	44	46	48
—— Grey -	42	44	46	Coriander -	26	28	32
Flour, per sack	85	90	—				
—— Seconds	80	85	—				
—— Scotch	76	84	—				

American Flour 60s a 62s (nominal) per barrel of 196lbs.
Rapeseed, per last - - - - - - £52 a 55, a —.
Linseed Oil Cakes, per thousand £15 15s. a —.

SUGAR, &c. per Cwt.

	s		s
Muscovade, fine	79	a	82
—— good	74	a	78
—— ordinary	71	a	73
East India, white	78	a	86
—— yellow	70	a	77
—— brown	70	a	77

MOLASSES 35s. 0d. a 35s. 6d.

REFINED SUGAR.

	s		s
Double Loaves	140	a	150
Hambro' ditto	116	a	130
Powder ditto	112	a	120
Single ditto	110	a	118
Canary Lumps	105	a	114
Large ditto	102	a	104
Bastards, whole	75	a	77
—— faces	79	a	84
—— middles	75	a	78
—— tips -	72	a	74

GINGER.

Jamaica, white	82	a	200
Barbadoes, ditto	80	a	85
—— black	78	a	85

RICE, *Bonded.*

Carolina -	21	a	25
Brazil - -	26	a	28

COFFEE, *Bonded.*

	s	d		s	d
Dominica, Surinam, &c.					
Fine -	90	0	a	100	0
Good	80	0	a	89	0
Ordinary	71	0	a	79	0
Triage	50	0	a	60	0
Jamaica.					
Fine -	90	0	a	100	0
Good	70	0	a	80	0
Ordinary	61	0	a	69	0
Triage	30	0	a	50	0
Mocha	300	0	a	600	0
Bourbon	95	0	a	120	0
St. Domingo	60	0	a	70	0
Java -	100	0	a	—	0

COCOA, *Bonded.*

Trinidad and Carraccas	100	0	a	105	0
Plantation	70	0	a	85	0

SPICES and PEPPER, per lb.

Nutmegs	24	0	a	30	0
Cloves	10	0	a	10	6
Cinnamon	10	6	a	11	6
Mace	46	0	a	50	0
Pepp. white	5	0	a	0	0
—— black	2	8	a	0	0
Pimento	2	0	a	0	0

Average price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of duty, 48s 1½d.

Raw Sugars have been brisk this month, but without any improvement in prices; the Refined market continues dull and drooping.

HOPS in the Borough.

BAGS	£	s		£	s	POCKETS.	£	s		£	s
Kent - -	5	12	a	7	6	Kent - -	6	0	a	9	10
Sussex - -	5	5	a	6	6	Sussex - -	5	15	a	7	1
Essex -	0	0	a	0	0	Farnham - -	11	0	a	13	13

CORN, &c. per Quarter.

	Oct.	Wheat. s		s	Barley, s		s	Oats. s		s	Beans. s		s	Pease. s		s
Maidstone	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Lincoln	12	87	a	102	46	a	50	26	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Canterbury	13	70	a	105	40	a	48	32	a	38	52	a	55	50	a	55
Lewes	13	112	a	120	—	a	—	30	a	34	—	a	—	—	a	—
Chesterfield	13	64	a	106	50	a	57	30	a	38	52	a	62	56	a	58
Ashborne	13	86	a	112	—	a	—	28	a	34	52	a	62	—	a	—
Lynn	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Gainsboro'	16	78	a	97	42	a	50	20	a	30	42	a	54	—	a	—
Louth	17	86	a	110	36	a	42	26	a	30	50	a	65	—	a	—
Sandwich	17	84	a	100	40	a	48	30	a	42	—	a	—	—	a	—
Newark	17	94	a	106	48	a	59	30	a	34	54	a	60	—	a	—
Uppingham	17	82	a	95	45	a	51	25	a	29	—	a	—	—	a	—
Newbury	18	94	a	114	39	a	43	25	a	35	53	a	60	59	a	56
Devizes	18	94	a	123	40	a	52	30	a	36	56	a	64	—	a	—
Reading	20	90	a	115	41	a	50	29	a	36	51	a	63	54	a	—
Swansea	17	95	a	—	45	a	—	22	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Henley	19	94	a	115	36	a	46	24	a	34	50	a	63	50	a	60
Maidenhead	17	94	a	108	40	a	50	32	a	42	55	a	63	—	a	—
Salisbury	16	100	a	116	42	a	48	28	a	32	60	a	72	—	a	—
Penrith	16	95	a	—	48	a	—	29	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Hull	16	83	a	94	36	a	46	20	a	26	48	a	56	—	a	—
Basingstoke	17	96	a	104	40	a	50	28	a	33	50	a	60	—	a	—
Wakefield	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Andover	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Warminster	20	94	a	120	48	a	50	31	a	35	68	a	72	—	a	—

SPIRITS, per Gallon (exclusive of duty).

	s	d		s	d		s	d		s	d
Brandy, Cog.	8	9	a	9	6	Mol. Spirits, British	13	10	a	14	0
—— Spanish	5	0	a	5	2	—— Irish -	0	0	a	0	0
Hollands Gin	8	0	a	8	6	—— Scotch	0	0	a	0	0
Rum, Jamaica	4	6	a	6	9	Spirits of Wine	24	0	a	0	0
—— Lew. Isl.	3	8	a	4	6						

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR SEPTEMBER, 1810.

Conducted, at Manchester, by THOMAS HANSON, *Esq.*

1810.	*Wind.*	*Pressure.*			*Temperature.*			*Weather.*	*Eva.*	*Rain.*
SEP.		*Max.*	*Min.*	*Mean.*	*Max.*	*Min.*	*Mean.*			
1	S	29,62	29,60	29,610	68,5°	55,5°	62,00	fine	—	
2	S	29,64	29,60	29,620	79,0	62,5	70,75	sultry	.265	.760
3	S W'	29,60	29,37	29,485	69,0	60,0	64,50	cloudy	—	
4	S W"	29,62	29,37	29,495	62,0	50,0	56,00	cloudy	.330	.135
5	S W	29,66	29,62	29,640	64,5	48,0	56,25	clear	—	
☾ 6	S W'	30,05	29,66	29,855	61,5	51,0	56,25	fine	.235	.035
7	S W	30,18	30,05	30,115	64,5	49,0	56,75	fine	—	
8	S W	30,18	30,01	30,095	65,0	49,0	57,00	clear	.230	
9	S W	30,01	29,74	29,875	67,5	47,0	57,25	clear	—	
10	S W	29,74	29,71	29,725	67,0	55,0	61,00	cloudy	.210	.030
11	S E	29,71	29,51	29,610	59,0	48,0	53,50	cloudy	—	.050
12	S	29,85	29,51	29,680	61,0	41,0	51,00	cloudy	.140	
○ 13	W	29,90	29,85	29,875	69,0	45,0	57,00	clear	—	
14	E	30,29	29,90	30,095	67,5	56,0	61,75	clear	.195	
15	E	30,39	30,29	30,340	67,5	43,0	55,25	fine	—	
16	E'	30,39	30,26	30,325	59,0	38,0	48,50	fine	.230	
17	S W	30,26	29,93	30,095	66,0	50,5	58.25	fine	—	
18	S W	29,93	29,93	29,930	66,0	57,0	61,50	fine	.220	
19	Calm	29,98	29,93	29,955	69,5	50,0	59,75	brilliant	—	
☽ 20	S	29,98	29,91	29,945	68,0	49,5	58,75	fine	.205	
21	S W	29,98	29,92	29,950	66,0	56,5	61,25	gloomy	—	
22	E'	29,92	29,64	29,780	61,5	56,0	58,75	rainy	.210	3.275
23	Calm	29,87	29,64	29,755	62,0	46,5	54,25	gloomy	—	
24	S	30,07	29,87	29,970	62,5	48,0	55,25	gloomy	.140	
25	N E	30,12	30,07	30,095	62,0	48,0	55,00	gloomy	—	
26	N	30,07	29,98	30,025	65,0	50,0	57,50	fine	.200	
27	S E	29,98	29,70	29,840	66,5	50,5	58,50	fine	—	
● 28	S	29,75	29,70	29,725	66,0	48,0	57,00	fine	.185	
29	S	29,81	29,75	29,780	63,0	45,0	54.00	fine	—	
30	S	29,86	29,81	29,835	65,0	49,0	57,00	fine	.205	
			Mean	29,870		*Mean*	57,70	*Inch*	3,200	4.285

RESULTS.

Mean barometrical pressure, 29.870—maximum, 30.39 wind E.—minimum, 29,37 wind S.W.—range, 1.02 inches.

The greatest variation of pressure in 24 hours, is .47 of an inch, which was on the 27th.

Mean temperature, 57°.70—maximum, 79°. wind S.—minimum 38°. wind E.—range 41°.

The greatest variation of temperature in 24 hours, is 24.°5 which was on the 15th.

Spaces described by the barometer, 4.60 inches—number of changes, 12.

Rain, &c. this month, 4.285 inches.—Number of wet days, 6.—Total rain this year, 33.985 in.

The quantity of water evaporated from the surface of water, exposed to the rays of the sun and wind, is 3.200 inches.—Total this year, 28 325 inches.

WIND.

Calm	N	N E	E	S E	S	S W	W	N W	Variable
2	1	1	4	2	8	11	1	0	0

Total number of observations, 30—number of brisk winds, 4—boisterous wind, 1.

Character of the period clear, fine, and warm, and, as was anticipated, highly favourable to the harvest. The greatest part of the rain fell on the 2d and 22d; accompanied with much lightning and thunder, particularly on the 22d, which was awful in the extreme. Its proximity to the town was shewn by the electric fluid striking a cottage in Hulme, which received much damage; and at the same time two children experienced its dreadful effects, the one being struck blind and the body very much scorched, while the other received less, though considerable, injury, its face exhibiting awful impressions of the destructive fluid. Upwards of three inches of rain fell during the lightning and thunder. The rain of the 2d was accompanied with very large hail-stones, and, what is remarkable, the maximum temperature of the month and for the year occurred at the same time. The minimum temperature was on the morning of the 16th, there being a very white hoar frost at the time. Foggy evenings and mornings with copious dews were frequent about this part of the month. The atmospheric pressure has been high, and for the most part desultory.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE FOR SEPTEMBER, 1810.

Conducted by Mr. J. Gibson, Laboratory, Stratford, Essex.

1810.	Wind.	Pressure.			Temperature.					
SEP.		*Max.*	*Min.*	*Mean.*	*Max.*	*Min.*	*Mean.*	*Weather.*	*Evap.*	*Rain.*
1	S E	29,54	29,50	29,520	83,5	61[illegible]	72,[illegible]	fine	.44	
2	E	29,50	29,50	29,500	85	63	74,0	fine	.31	
3	S W	29,50	29,38	29,440	68	53	60,5	showery	—	—
4	N W	29,57	29,38	29,475	61	48	54,5	cloudy	.28	.44
5	W	29,59	29,57	29,580	64	54	59,0	fine	—	
☾ 6	W	29,84	29,59	29,715	67	40	53,5	fine	.32	
7	E	29,87	29,78	29,825	68	38	53,0	fine	—	
8	N	29,78	29,69	29,735	71	39	55,0	fine	.26	
9	N E	29,69	29,59	29,640	73	51	62,0	fine	—	
10	W	29,59	29,57	29,580	68	48	58,0	cloudy	.28	—
11	S W	29,57	29,36	29,465	61	48	54,5	rainy	—	.118
12	N	29,60	29,36	29,480	59	41	50,0	showers	.10	—
○ 13	N W	29,68	29,60	29,640	62	48	55,0	cloudy	—	
14	N W	29,86	29,68	29,770	69	41	55,0	fair	.23	
15	N E	29,86	29,85	29,855	62	50	56,0	fair	—	
16	N E	29,85	29,70	29,775	64	57	60,5	cloudy	.18	.09
17	E	29,70	29,67	29,685	72	49	60,5	fine	—	
18	N W	29,67	29,66	29,665	66	53	59,5	fair	.14	
19	N	—	—	—	61	50	55,5	fair	—	
☽ 20	E	29,69	29,68	29,685	63	54	58,5	cloudy	—	
21	N W	29,68	29,62	29,650	70	52	61,0	fine	—	
22	S	29,62	29,51	29,565	72	49	60,5	cloudy	.31	—
23	S	29,68	29,51	29,595	65	52	58,5	fine	—	
24	N E	29,74	29,68	29,710	70	56	63,0	fine	—	
25	Variable	29,70	29,68	29,690	72	54	63,0	fine	—	
26	E	29,68	29,60	29,640	69	44	56,5	fine	—	
27	N E	29,52	29,50	29,510	69	46	57,5	fair	.59	
● 28	E	29,65	29,52	29,585	—	—	—	—	—	
29	E	29,65	29,58	29,615	70	44	57,0	foggy	—	—
30	E	—	—	—	71	58	64,5	fine	—	
			Mean	29,628		*Mean*	58,90	*Total*	3.44*in.*	1.71*in.*

RESULTS.—Prevailing winds, easterly.—Mean height of barometer, 29.628 inches—thermometer, 58°.90.—Total of evaporation, 3,44 inches—rain, 1,71 inches.

Prices of Fire-Office, Mine, Dock, Canal, Water-Works, Brewery, and Public Institution Shares, &c. &c. for October, 1810.

Albion Fire and Life Ass. . £60 per share
Eagle Ditto . . . . 10s. a 12s. ditto dis.
Globe Ditto . . . . . £126 a 128 per sh.
Hope Ditto . . . 8s. a 13s. do. dis
Imperial Ditto . . £76 a 78 do.
Rock Ditto . . . 21s. a 22s. do. pm.
London Dock Stock . £127 a 130 per sh.
West India Ditto . . . 166 a 168 do.
Grand Junction Canal . 268 a 270gs. do.
Kennet and Avon Ditto . . £43 a 44 do.
Wilts and Berks Ditto . . . 57 do.
Worcester and Birmingham Ditto 6 do. pm.
Thames and Medway Ditto 51 a 52 do. do.
Huddersfield Ditto . 38gs. per sh.
Grand Surry Ditto . . £76 do.
Grand Union Do. £3 15s. a £3 17s. 6d. do pm
Stamford and Boston Do. . 5s. do. do.

Seaton and Bridgewater Canal 4gs. per sh. pm.
Southern Do. . . 5s. a 30s. do. do.
Southampton and Salisbury Do. 20gs do.
East London Water-Works 104gs. do. pm.
South Do. Do. . . £27 do. do.
Kent Do. . . 48gs. do. do.
Golden-lane Brewery £50 sh. £47 a 48
British Ale Do. . . £27 do.
Covent-Garden New Shs. 485 a 490gs. do.
Folkstone Harbour . . £7 5s. do. pm
Shoreham Do. . 2s. 6d. a 18s. do. do.
Auction Mart . . 57 a 59gs. do. do.
Great Dover-street Improvement £8 a 9 do. do.
Gas Light Company £1 10s. a 2 5s. do. do.
Shooter's Hill Archway . 2s. 6d. do. do.
British Herring Fishery . 20s. do. do.

FORTUNE & Co. Stock-Brokers and General Agents, 13, Cornhill, & LEWIS WOLFE and Co. Change Alley.

PRICES OF STOCKS.

Date.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3 pr.ct. Red.	4 pr.ct. Cons.	Navy 5 pr.ct.	Long Ann.	Omnium	Impl. 3 pr.ct.	Impl. Anns	Irish 5 pr ct	S. Sea Stock.	S. Sea Anns.	India Stock	India Bonds.	Exchqr Bills.	St. Lotty Tickets.	Cons. for Ac.
Sep 21	Shut	66 1/4 a 5/8	Shut	Shut	98 1/2	Shut	5 5/8 *Dis.*	—	—	—	—	Shut	—	20 *Pm.*	3 *Pm.*	—	66 5/8
22	Hol.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
24	—	66 1/4 a 5/8	—	—	98 1/2	—	5 5/8 *Dis.*	65 1/8	—	—	—	—	—	18 *Pm.*	2 *Pm.*	22 15 0	66 5/8
25	—	66 3/8 a 1/8	—	—	98 5/8	—	5 7/8 *Dis.*	—	6 5/8	—	—	—	—	17 *Pm.*	2 *Pm.*	—	66 5/8
26	—	66 a 3/8	—	—	98 5/8	—	6 *Dis*	65 1/8	—	—	—	—	176	17 *Pm.*	2 *Pm*	—	66 3/8
27	—	66 a 5 5/8	—	83 3/8	98 1/4	—	6 1/2 *Dis.*	64 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	18 *Pm.*	1 *Pm.*	—	66
28	—	65 1/2 a 3 1/4	—	82	97 1/2	—	10 *Dis.*	63	—	—	—	—	—	14 *Pm.*	*Par*	—	65 5/8
29	—	63 3/8 a 4 1/8	—	81 1/4	97	—	9 1/2 *Dis.*	—	—	Shut	—	—	—	12 *Pm.*	*Par*	—	—
Oct. 1	—	63 7/8 a 4 3/4	—	82	97 1/2	—	9 1/4 *Dis.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	13 *Pm.*	*Par*	—	64 1/2
2	255	64 1/2 a 5 3/4	—	82 3/4	98 1/8	—	8 1/4 *Dis.*	—	Par	—	—	—	174	11 *Pm.*	*Par*	—	65 5/8
3	254	65 1/4 a 7/8	—	Shut	98 1/2	18	7 1/4 *Dis.*	64 7/8	—	—	70 1/2	—	175 1/2	13 *Pm.*	*Par*	—	65 7/8
4	Shut	65 3/4 a 6 1/2	—	—	98 7/8	Shut	6 1/2 *Dis.*	—	6 5/8	—	70 1/2	—	176	14 *Pm.*	1 *Pm.*	—	66 1/2
5	—	66 1/4 a 5 7/8	—	—	98 3/4	17 3/4	6 1/2 *Dis*	—	—	—	—	—	177	17 *Pm.*	2 *Pm.*	—	66 1/4
6	—	66 5/8 a 1/4	—	—	98 3/4	Shut	5 7/8 *Dis.*	Shut	Shut	—	—	—	—	16 *Pm.*	2 *Pm.*	—	66 5/8
8	—	66 5/8 a 3/8	—	84	98 3/4	—	5 1/2 *Dis.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	17 *Pm.*	2 *Pm.*	—	66 3/4
9	—	66 1/2 a 1/4	—	Shut	98 7/8	—	5 7/8 *Dis.*	—	—	—	—	—	178	17 *Pm.*	2 *Pm.*	—	66 1/2
10	—	66 a 6 1/2	—	83 3/4	98 7/8	—	6 1/8 *Dis.*	—	—	—	—	—	179	18 *Pm.*	3 *Pm.*	—	66 5/8
11	252	66 5/8 a 3/8	65 5/8	82 1/8	99 1/8	17 1/2	5 5/8 *Dis*	—	—	—	—	65 1/4	178 1/4	20 *Pm.*	5 *Pm.*	—	—
12	252 1/2	66 5/8 a 6	65 5/8	82 1/4	99 1/2	17 9/16	6 *Dis.*	—	—	—	—	65	178 1/2	23 *Pm.*	6 *Pm.*	—	66 7/8
13	Shut	65 7/8 a 6 1/8	65 5/8	81 3/4	99 1/8	17 1/2	6 1/4 *Dis.*	—	—	—	—	Shut	—	25 *Pm.*	6 *Pm.*	—	66 1/4
15	—	66 1/8 a 3/8	65 3/8	82 1/8	99 1/2	17 9/16	6 *Dis.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	24 *Pm.*	6 *Pm.*	—	66 1/2
16	251 1/4	66 1/4 a 5 7/8	65 3/8	82 1/8	99 1/2	17 9/16	6 3/8 *Dis.*	—	—	—	—	—	180	24 *Pm.*	7 *Pm.*	—	66 3/8
17	252	66 a 1/8	65 1/8	81 7/8	99 1/2	17 9/16	6 1/4 *Dis*	—	—	—	—	64 7/8	180	23 *Pm.*	7 *Pm.*	—	66 1/4
18	Shut	66 1/8 a 1/4	65 3/8	81 7/8	99 1/2	Shut	6 *Dis.*	—	—	—	—	—	180	—	8 *Pm.*	—	66 5/8
19	253	66 1/2 a 3/8	65 1/2	82 1/8	99 3/4	17 5/8	5 7/8 *Dis.*	—	—	—	—	—	180	25 *Pm.*	9 *Pm.*	—	66 3/4

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